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The Mercury.

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Established June, 1766, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farm and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

TESTING THE YACHTS

The yachts *Resolute* and *Vanitie* have held several trial races off this port during the last few days and they seem to be pretty evenly matched. They have encountered several kinds of weather which will give the judges an opportunity to consider their performances under different conditions.

Considerable interest is taken in these test races which will determine which shall have the honor of competing against the *Shamrock* for the America's cup. There has been no great concourse of excursion boats following over the course, but a few of the larger yachts have been here to take out parties of guests. Opinion is still divided as to which is the better boat.

This season there will be comparatively few yachts in commission, notwithstanding the interest in the international races. The main reason for this, however, is that it is extremely difficult to get crews to man the yachts. During the war when few yachts were in commission the crews drifted into the merchant marine or the navy or other occupations, so that now when the owners would like to have their vessels in commission again they find the crews all scattered and men very difficult to obtain.

NEWPORTERS IN CHICAGO

The Rhode Island delegation to the Republican National Convention, including Governor Beekman and Col. Edward A. Sherman of Newport, is on the job in Chicago and promises to find the events very exciting. The local men are taking an active part in the proceedings, and Governor Beekman has been chosen as a member of the important committee on platform. While the Governor has been prominently mentioned as a possible nominee for the Vice Presidency, he has stated that he is not a candidate for that office. While the Rhode Island delegation goes to the Convention unopposed they are generally credited to be supporters of General Wood, with Governor Lowden of Illinois as their second choice.

The trip to Chicago was found to be rather hot as far as the weather was concerned, and upon arrival there, the Rhode Islanders found the political situation about as hot as the weather. It is not expected that the actual balloting for candidates will begin for some little time yet as there are many things to be straightened out before this phase of the Convention can be reached.

Miss Mary Emma Barker died at her home on Broadway on Sunday afternoon after a long illness. Nearly two years ago she suffered a fall at her home and had since been confined to her bed with a broken hip. She was a daughter of the late Arnold Barker, and leaves a brother, Mr. George H. Barker, and a sister, Mrs. Clarence Vose, now living in Bellport, Long Island. Another sister, Mrs. William A. Stedman, died many years ago.

Mr. William E. Brightman of this city is chairman of a State committee which has under contemplation the forming of a third party to take part in national affairs. An open meeting is scheduled to be held in Providence.

Miss Mary H. Hodges, a graduate of the Training School for Nurses connected with the Newport Hospital, has been appointed superintendent of District Nursing, to succeed Miss Mary Lawrence, resigned.

Rev. and Mrs. John Howard Downing are planning to spend the summer abroad.

SUPERIOR COURT

The June session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened on Monday, with Judge Barrows presiding. This is apparently to be a very busy session as there are many cases on the docket. Judge Barrows will probably not remain through the whole term, as this is not his regular assignment.

The grand jurors were examined and sworn in on Monday morning. Harold A. Peckham of Newport being appointed foreman. They went out to consider a number of cases presented by the Assistant Attorney General and later reported a number of indictments. Peter Cordani and Cecil M. Craig pleaded guilty to breaking and entering a shop in the night time and larceny. The former was given nine months and the latter three months in the Providence County Jail.

Lazar Fenik was indicted for murder of his two-year-old child and was held without bail. Other indictments included John J. Craughan and James J. Morris for breaking and entering and larceny; Frank Vallaro, for assault with intent to kill; Joseph L. Yekel, for extorting money by threats.

A large number of foreign born men and women were admitted to American citizenship, and the petition of Lazar Fenik for the same was dismissed.

There was a further hearing in the case of Shirley Smoot vs. J. Frank and Mary Chase, over the custody of the child of the former and the grandchild of the latter. After hearing some testimony regarding the effect upon the child of visits to the grandparents, the Court decided that the father must have sole custody.

Tuesday morning there was a hearing in the old case of Julia Murray vs. John M. Taylor, city treasurer. This had to do with land near Grafton street, which plaintiff claims was flooded because of the change of grade on that street. City Solicitor Sullivan objected to parts of the declaration and it was amended and the case set for trial later in the term.

Many divorce petitions were heard and in most cases the petitions were granted. The list of divorces granted is as follows: Thomas F. Dillon vs. Gertrude E. Dillon, Elaine M. Speers vs. Arthur K. Speers, Pauny I. Wetherell vs. Raymond H. Wetherell, Harry M. Ellis vs. Katherine M. Ellis, Bessie Wheaton Shoemaker vs. Alvin B. Shoemaker, Helen Feller vs. John G. Feller, Bertha Mitchell vs. Walter A. Mitchell, Mary Imelda Leonard vs. Charles B. Leonard, Gertrude Evelyn Milne vs. Howard Garfield Milne, Charlotte Munwell Sorochan vs. Victor Sorochan, May Ester Frame vs. James Frame, Pauline French Wagstaff vs. Samuel J. Wagstaff, Clara W. Knight Colford vs. Sidney James Colford, Jr., Ira Oliver vs. Earl Preston Oliver, Helen M. Suggs vs. James H. Suggs, Henry Frazier vs. Mary E. Frazier, Mary Frances Gones vs. Manuel Gones, Jimmie Dominique vs. Sylvester Dominique, Joseph P. Colgate vs. Frances Colgate, Mary Brown vs. James Brown, Wilhelmina Smith vs. William Smith.

Wednesday morning saw the first jury trial of the session, A. E. Burnside Davis being appointed foreman of the jury that heard the case of State vs. Ridgway Sparks of Jamestown. Defendant had been indicted by the grand jury on a charge of manslaughter. The State claimed that Sparks was riding a motorcycle in the town of Portsmouth on April 19, 1919, and struck John Bettencourt who was alighting from a trolley car. Bettencourt died a short time later. Dr. Storrs told of treating the injured man and later taking him to the Newport hospital where an operation was performed by Dr. Stewart, revealing a ragged tear in the bladder, perhaps four inches long. Dr. Storrs said that the man could not have lived without the operation. The jury were then taken to view the scene of the accident.

In the afternoon, several witnesses were called for the State, including Dr. Stewart, who operated upon the injured man, the motorman and conductor of the Newport & Providence car on which Bettencourt was a passenger, and several others who were either on the car or in the vicinity.

For the defense, it was claimed that Sparks was driving at a moderate rate on his motorcycle and was sounding his horn constantly; that Bettencourt stepped off the trolley car and came directly in front of the machine, which was quickly stopped. The operator of the motorcycle then helped carry the injured man to a physician. The defendant took the stand in person and contended that the accident was unavoidable. He was coming in from Bristol in company with another motor cyclist who had passed the car ahead of him. The Sparks case occupied the full

day on Thursday, arguments by counsel proceeding in the afternoon after the evidence had been completed. Several witnesses desired by the defense were not obtainable, including Miss Muenchinger, who made the transcript of the testimony in the District Court and who had gone abroad. Commander Townsend, U. S. N., who is Mr. Sparks' immediate superior in the Navy, testified to his good record.

HEARING ON ACCIDENT CASE

The board of aldermen held a special meeting Tuesday evening to hear the claim of Miss Rebecca Wood, who asked damages from the city for injuries alleged to have been received by falling over a garbage receptacle on Spring street on the evening of January 14, 1920. Miss Wood said that the street lights were out on that evening and that in the darkness she fell over a box that had been put out on the sidewalk for the garbage collector. She suffered injuries to her knee, which kept her confined to her bed for some weeks. Dr. John H. Sweet also testified to the extent of her injuries. Mr. Buckley, the inspector of garbage collection, testified that the collectors had been delayed that evening by trouble with a motor truck and that it was about 7 o'clock before collections were made in that section. The board took the matter under consideration.

Another matter that came up at the same meeting was the notification of new rates to be put into effect by the Newport Gaslight Company. These rates have been filed with the Public Utilities Commission of Rhode Island, and a copy was in the possession of the board. It was voted to appoint a committee to protest against the increase, and Aldermen Hanley, Martin and Thompson, together with the city solicitor, were appointed. It is probable that the matter will also be referred to the representative council for consideration by the commission on the gas question.

BLOCK ISLAND WEATHER

There were ten clear days last month seven partly cloudy, and four, then cloudy. There were thirteen rainy days in the month. The highest temperature was 66 degrees on the 17th, and the lowest 36 degrees on the 5th. The mean temperature for the month was 51 degrees, the lowest with one exception since 1907. Notwithstanding all the rainy weather in May, there was a deficiency of forty-six hundredths as compared with normal, and for the year of thirty-six hundredths compared with normal.

Mrs. Martha Godbold, who died at her home on Kay street on Monday, after an illness of several weeks, was a lifelong Newporter and was well known to a wide circle of friends. She was a daughter of the late James L. Hazard, who was senior member of the old firm of J. L. and G. A. Hazard. Her husband, Eben Godbold, died many years ago. She is survived by two sons, Mr. Eben J. Godbold of Moline, Ill., and Mr. Lawrence H. Godbold of this city.

The Newport Artillery Company is no longer a unit of the Rhode Island State Guard which was formed for local service during the war. The Company was mustered out on Tuesday evening, a meeting being held in the Armory. Medals, given by the State, and suitably inscribed, were presented to the men who had served in the Guard during the war.

The annual exhibition of the Newport Horticultural Society will be held at Newport Beach Convention Hall on July 1 and 2. This date is some time later than usual, due to the fact that the season has been very backward and it is thought that there will not be enough flowers and plants at the usual date to make a creditable exhibition.

Thursday, August 19, will be Elks Day at the Beach, when Providence Lodge of Elks will come here for a day's outing. It is expected that the party will comprise some fifteen hundred people, including ladies. A special dinner will be served by the Beach management and games will be arranged for. A delightful day is promised.

Some workmen employed at the residence of Mr. J. Norman deR. Whitehouse at Price's Neck are said to have found a quantity of valuable liquid refreshments there, and to have helped themselves freely. One arrest has been made, and Mr. Whitehouse has been notified of the disappearance of a portion of his valuable stock.

The city tree sprayer is now working in the Broadway district.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL REPAIRS

Bids were opened and contracts awarded by the board of aldermen on Thursday evening for the repair and reconstruction of the burned Rogers High School, and it is hoped to push the work along rapidly so as to delay the re-opening of the school as little as possible. Architect B. Hammett Senbury of Springfield was present and was gratified to see that the total contract price was so close to his estimate made several months ago, there being a variation of only a few dollars.

The contract for general construction went to M. A. McCormick for \$112,067, with \$2,150 additional for rebuilding the chimney. The other bidders were Joseph M. Darling, Jr., agent, John J. Kelly and Robert A. Smith.

The contract for heating and plumbing went to R. B. Wilson, Jr., for \$8,176.68. The other bidders were Thomas B. Connolly and Philip F. Conroy.

The contract for plumbing went to Thomas B. Connolly for \$6,967. The other bidders were R. B. Wilson, Jr., John P. Buckley and Robert Haire.

The contract for electrical work went to Scannevin & Potter for \$5,337. The other bidders were Bardisley-Riley Electrical Company and Frank O'Connell.

Previous to the opening of the bids a communication was received from local painters asking for an extension of time in order that separate bids might be obtained for painting, but this went in with the contract for general construction.

At the same meeting of the board, Agent Smith of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, came before the board and said that the new gas box for the killing of dogs was the most humane method in use, and suggested that the inlet pipe be larger, and also that there should be an outlet pipe with valve for safety.

A great deal of routine business was transacted and many licenses of various kinds were granted. John J. Orr & Son of Providence asked the board to lease a landing place at City wharf for steamer Elberon and the matter was referred to Alderman Hughes and the City Solicitor.

Bids for furnishing the city with \$50,000 in anticipation of taxes were received and the contract was awarded to the Aquidneck National Bank of this city.

The street gas light contract was awarded to the American Street Light Company in accordance with bids opened some time ago.

The fact that the famous Seventh Artillery band has been ordered from Fort Adams to Camp Devens for a few weeks has given rise to a rumor that the band will be permanently severed from the local fort. However, there is probably no truth in the rumor, as Government bands have frequently been ordered out to other points for a few weeks' duty on special recruiting service. Some Government bands have come into New England from long distances to aid the work of the recruiting bureau.

Miss Lillian Wheeler of Bristol Ferry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wheeler, was united in marriage to Mr. Alexander Stephens Boone on Thursday, the ceremony being performed at the residence of the bride's parents by Rev. C. J. Harriman, rector of St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth. Mr. and Mrs. Boone are now enjoying their wedding trip by automobile. Mrs. Boone is well known in Newport, where she has taken part in many different forms of activity and welfare work.

Miss Alfreda Elizabeth Stenholm, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave A. Stenholm, and Chief Gunner's Mate Harry H. Mueller, U. S. N., were united in marriage at Kay Chapel on Thursday evening, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends of the young couple. Later a wedding supper was served at the home of the bride, after which Mr. and Mrs. Mueller started on their wedding trip.

Charles F. W. Schaefer of this city, a taxi driver, has been discharged by the United States Commissioner in New Bedford following an investigation into the matter of liquor found in his machine in Fall River. He claimed that a passenger had placed the package in the machine and that he had no knowledge of what it contained.

Work on the Bath Road widening has so far progressed that it is expected to move the steam shovel to the Kay street job next Monday morning.

DISCONTINUE TROLLEY EXPRESS

The report that the trolley express between Boston and Newport and intermediate points is to be discontinued gives much dissatisfaction to Newport business men many of whom have been accustomed to have a large portion of their stock shipped into Newport in this way. Since the first freight car was put on the line some years ago, the patronage has increased steadily so that four cars have been run in here daily. The trolley freight has also been of great service to the people of the Island towns. The transportation committee of the Newport Chamber of Commerce is taking steps to induce the trolley company to continue the service, and is endeavoring to secure the co-operation of other cities along the line served by this Company.

CIVIC LEAGUE

The annual meeting of the Civic League was held in the League building in Aquidneck Park on Thursday, when the annual report of the president, Mrs. John Nicholas Brown, was read and officers were elected as follows:

President—Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. Daniel N. Fearing, Miss Ruth B. Franklin.
Corresponding Secretary—Miss Helen Powell.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. John A. Murphy, Jr.
Treasurer—Miss Lucy P. Brownell.
Directors—Mrs. Nathan A. Estes, Mrs. William Woodward Phelps, Mrs. Edwin P. Robinson, Miss Maude K. Wetmore, Miss Clara Ennis.

Mr. John W. Dorey, of the firm of Dorey & Ward, died at his home on Arnold avenue on Thursday, his death being entirely unexpected. He had not been in the best of health for several months, having submitted to an operation last winter, but a fatal termination was not looked for. He is survived by a widow, one son and two daughters.

The public forum under the auspices of the Newport Chamber of Commerce in the City Hall next Thursday evening will be devoted to a consideration of the question of transportation, as it affects the city of Newport. It is expected to have some speakers present from out of town.

Lieutenant James J. O'Brien of this city has been especially honored by the Italian government for distinguished services. He has been created a Cavalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy, which is one of the highest honors that can be bestowed by that government.

The wedding of Miss Pauline Andrews Stevens, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Henry C. Stevens, and Mr. Chester Howard Ober, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Ober, will take place at Channing Memorial Church on Tuesday, June 29, at 6.30 o'clock.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mary S. Burdick, younger daughter of Hon. and Mrs. Clark Burdick, to Mr. James Lemly of Washington. The date for the wedding is not yet announced.

A co-operative grocery store, under the auspices of local trade unions, will be opened in the Ferretti building on Thames street within a few weeks.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Wedding of Miss Malone to Mr. Frank E. Dixon

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter J. Malone was the scene of a pretty wedding recently when their only daughter, Miss Edna Lawrence Malone, was united in marriage with Mr. Frank E. Dixon, son of Mrs. Ida Williams Arnold of Wickford. The ceremony, which was the double ring service, was performed by Rev. Anson B. Howard, rector of St. Michael's Church, Bristol (formerly of St. Paul's Church of this town), assisted by Rev. John E. Blake, State Chaplain at Howard, R. I.

It was planned to have the ceremony upon the lawn, but the weather was so threatening that this arrangement was given up. The house was very beautifully decorated with lilies, pink Killarney roses, and many potted plants, including some beautiful ferns and begonias.

The wedding party entered the living room as the Lohengrin wedding march was played by Mrs. Karl B. Sturgis of Rockland, Me.

Misses Elizabeth and Katherine Simpson of Howard acted as bridesmaids and were followed by the matron of honor, Mrs. William Barclay of Rockland, Conn., accompanied by Mr. William H. Wood of Stoughton, R. I., who assumed the duties of best man. They in turn were followed by the bride and groom. The bride's costume was of cream crepe and chiffon, with veil caught with lilies of the valley. The bride wore a silver clasp knife, the bridesmaids wore white satin emeralds and to the pianist a hand-painted bar

pin. The groom gave his best man a pair of gold cuff links.

A reception for the happy couple followed. Cakes, wedding cake, ice cream and punch were served and later Mr. and Mrs. Dixon left on a short wedding trip, after which they will reside on Pontiac avenue, Howard, R. I.

The bride received many beautiful and useful gifts, including \$100 in money, cut glass, linen, silver and china.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Irving Faulkner and their son, Mr. Chilton Faulkner, are spending the summer with Mr. Faulkner's father, Mr. George Faulkner.

Rev. Mrs. Kathryn Cooper, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has returned to her home at the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage, after a vacation. While away Rev. Mrs. Cooper attended the General Conference in Des Moines, Iowa. She was accompanied on the trip by a brother, Rev. Mr. Newlands and Mrs. Newlands of New Bedford, and they were guests of another brother and his wife living in Iowa. This brother is also a Methodist minister.

The Thursday Circle of St. Mary's Church held its regular meeting with Mrs. John R. Manchester, with a good attendance, and a large amount of work was done. The Circle was to have been held with Mrs. Borden L. Sisson, but owing to illness in the family it was decided to meet with Mrs. Manchester.

Mrs. H. Mantion Chase has returned to her home on Glen street with her two-weeks-old son, Norman Chadwick Chase, from the Newport Hospital.

During the month of May the following books were loaned from the Portsmouth Free Public Library: Biography 7, History 12, Literature and Language 18, Poetry and Drama 8, Science and Art 12, Geography and Travel 14, Miscellaneous 8, Fiction 516, Total 545.

The Bay State Street Railway running cars through this town and Milltown changed their running schedule recently from hourly to forty-minute time on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. The hour time is resumed at 7.30 p. m. and the last car leaves Newport at 10.30 p. m. This is so early that anyone living in the country cannot get home after any of the shows in Newport and is very inconvenient in many ways. Notices have been posted up that the fare will be changed from 6 cents to 8 cents a zone in the near future. The zones are to remain the same as at present.

Mrs. Rose Spooner of Newport, formerly of this town, and Mr. Louis L. King, were quietly married in Newport on Tuesday afternoon and left on the New York boat for New York, where they will spend their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Handy of Newport, who have leased the cottage of Mrs. Louis L. King, recently vacated by Mrs. Andrew Grinnell, have moved their household goods there and are residing in their new home.

Miss Louise Chase entertained the St. Paul's Guild at her home on Tuesday afternoon. The time was spent in preparing fancy articles to sell at the annual lawn party.

The Helping Hand Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church gave a birthday social in the vestry of the church on Tuesday evening. It was conducted in the same manner as that given by the Invincibles of the Berkeley Memorial Church. Each person present was given the invitation and little bag for pennies to correspond with the age of the person.

An entertainment was given, both vocal and instrumental music, and several recitations were rendered by the members of the Society. A short drama, "The Anybody Family on Sunday Morning," followed. At the conclusion of the program, cake and fancy cookies and fruit punch were served and a social time enjoyed. The little bags were found to contain about \$47.

Mr. J. Harrison Peckham entertained the Draftsmen's Union of Newport at their monthly meeting recently. At the conclusion of the business refreshments, consisting of cake, fancy cookies and fruit punch, were served.

The roadbed of the East Main Road is dug up from Oliphant Lane and on Wednesday night the digger stopped work in front of the residence of Mr. George Anthony. The stone has been put in as far as the top of Slato Hill and it is now awaiting the top stone and the larvia. Between Restcome P. Manchester's house and the Oakland Hall, the road was filled with water which fell in the rain-storm of last Saturday.

Miss Lillian Wheeler, whose engagement was announced recently, was given a miscellaneous shower at the home of Miss Gertrude Macomber recently by St. Paul's Guild. Miss Wheeler received many beautiful gifts, among them being cut glass, silver, linen and china. The Guild presented her with \$10. Cake and ice cream were served.

Mr. Andrew A. Chase, who has been in poor health for several years, is not as well, and Mrs. Charles E. Brownell is helping care for him.

Mrs. Daniel Munroe is ill at her home in Carman's Row, with diphtheria.

Mrs. Josephine Brown has returned to her home on Quaker Hill, after spending the winter and spring with her sister, Mrs. Amina Tallman.

Mr. Christopher Manchester is ill at the Newport Hospital where he underwent an operation. Mr. Manchester was taken ill at his home on Quaker Hill and it was decided to carry him to the hospital.

Mr. James E. Sullivan of Brownell's Lane, recently killed a chequered adder which was about four feet long.

The MYSTERY of HARTLEY HOUSE

by Clifford S. Raymond
Illustrated by Irwin Myers Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

CHAPTER III.

Jed certainly was the most significant disconcerting fact in the house, and his influence the most significant malignancy. He had been sobered by the discovery of his attack upon Mrs. Sidney, but as he began to recover from his discomfiture, and as the sense of caution began to lessen, he again asserted, or suggested, control particularly when he was drunk. He never allowed Mr. Sidney to know this. In their strange association at Barnham while feasts, Jed was useful, respectful, considerate and jovial.

To Mrs. Sidney he was at times courteous and thoughtful, at other times disrespectful or even brutal. Sometimes he seemed to frighten himself. When I saw that he was again beginning to show disrespect for her, I was for putting an end to it. Mrs. Sidney was horrified when I said that Jed could be brought to terms. She held up her hands.

"No, no," she said. "Not in any event! Never, please, speak to Mr. Sidney. Please never think of it. Jed is invaluable to me as you might think. He is gruff, and drinking does not make him better, but it is Mr. Sidney's whim that he should drink. It would be unjust—don't you see it would be unjust?—to make a point against him of behavior that Mr. Sidney causes. Please never mention it."

She was very much in earnest and was not satisfied until she had my promise that I never would speak to Mr. Sidney of Jed until I had her consent. She then showed relief, and I felt more distressed. Jed had some hold on this resolute lady that I should have liked to break.

Jed's attitude toward me was a thing to drive distracted a person who cared what it was. I did not. He could be interesting, and then I was interested in him. He could be stupid, and I avoided him. He could be surly, and I ignored him. He could be quarrelsome, and I fought him back.

It seldom was a matter of sobriety or insobriety with him. He was best natured to me at times when he was most intoxicated. He was surliest at times when he was perfectly sober. At other times he quite reversed this. One never knew from his physical condition what his disposition might be at the time.

He served at dinner when Mrs. Sidney, Isobel and I, more ceremoniously than we cared to, dined. Certain domestic ceremonies pleased Mr. Sidney and he liked to know that in some respects the baronial character of his place was being maintained as he would have maintained it if he had been active.

When Jed was in good nature, he frequently sought me out for talks, and when he was in bad nature, I encouraged him. I did not want to open up any secrets the house might have, merely to learn what they were, but I knew Mrs. Sidney needed help, and I thought I might give it if I knew how. I also thought that Jed some evening when pleasantly and good naturedly drank and garrulous might say more than he intended. There were many opportunities, but he never did.

One night—this was in September—I was walking about the place with the mastiffs at my side. I stood a while at the edge of the woods looking at the house. In its shadowy bulk it seemed fit container of mystery. Only a few windows were illuminated. It was the river side of the house that was bright at night.

I walked slowly across the lawn toward the side where Mrs. Sidney's rooms were. A small balcony opened off her sitting room. I could hear her talking to some one on this balcony. The person she was talking to, as I heard in another moment, was Jed. I was then almost under the balcony.

"I am a resolute man," Jed was saying. "I'll have my own way. I'll have what I want. I'll make you glad to come to terms. I'm a reasonable man, too. Now, admit that I've been considerate."

I started to get out of hearing as quietly and rapidly as I could, but I heard Mrs. Sidney, her voice vibrant with indignation, say:

"I ought to have you whipped." "That is silly, unreasonable passion," said Jed.

"I shall not hesitate to kill you," said Mrs. Sidney.

Then I went out of earshot. The fact that Jed could threaten Mrs. Sidney in this fashion was inexplicable. It could not be explained by his servile attitude to Mr. Sidney, great as that was. I walked about for a while, distressed and depressed; then I patted the heads of the mastiffs, went indoors and to my room.

On the way back to the house I thought out a plan which I believed would work. I inquired for Jed and was told that he was with Mr. Sidney. I found him there drinking, and my entrance gave him a shock which he plainly indicated. His fright made him so ugly that he was comical.

Mr. Sidney never liked to have his vicious drinking interrupted, but he always was good natured.

"Well, doctor," he said, "what now? Is Jed drinking too much for my health?"

At that moment no possible amount of liquor would have been too much for Jed. The wretch must have thought I was a ghost.

"Jed may drink himself to death, for all me," I said. "That probably is the best end he can come to. I think he is gallow's meat, but I want to talk to him when you can spare him."

"We can't spare Jed to have him hang," said Mr. Sidney. "He's too useful. Who else could drink my wine of an evening? Go along with the doctor, Jed, and see what he wants. It's probably a matter of pills or powders for me."

Jed was recovering from his shock, but he still showed the effects of it.

"No hurry," I said. "I'd rather wait a half hour. I'll be in my room."

I went there and wrote two letters. Both were to one point. They related circumstantially what had happened that afternoon. One I addressed to a lawyer I knew, and the other to Dr. Brownell. Jed knocked at the door as I finished them. He was still unnerved.

"I have something I want you to read," I said, and gave him the letters. He read them and moistened his lips.

"You don't need to talk, Jed," I said. "I'll do all the talking that's necessary. I am not going away. I am going to stay right here, and you'd better be very careful of my health. These letters go out tonight. The men who get them will keep their mouths shut so long as I am alive. If anything should happen to me, whether you had anything to do with it or not, you'd have a difficult time with a jury."

"It was a mistake," he said. "I would not do you any harm. I shot at a rabbit."

"Twice with a pistol, when you had a shotgun," I said. "You did! I was the rabbit."

CHAPTER IV.

Jed came to me the next day in one of his candid moods.

"I did shoot at you yesterday," he said.

"I know you did," I replied.

"And you're wondering why and you're wondering if I intend to do it again?"

"I don't wonder at anything you do," I said. "And you know that if you do it again, the evidence is prepared against you. I think I am perfectly safe. I know you are a coward."

"No, I'm not a coward," he said, as if he were stating a fact and not making a boast. "I never do anything without a purpose, and when I have a purpose, I do it no matter what the consequences may be. The reason I wanted to shoot you was because you were engaged to Isobel. I intend to marry Isobel. Now I know that you are not going to marry Isobel. You are just the foolish fence that her mother thought she could build up around Isobel and keep me from trying to marry her. Isobel doesn't want you. She is laughing at you. So we might as well be friends again."

"You preposterous old fool!" I said. "You scoundrel! You are a violation of decency. You are a disgrace to the name of man. You would sicken the moral conscience of a nursing. If you ever associate your aspirations with the name of Miss Sidney again, I'll cut your throat with a paper knife."

Jed smiled and made me feel ridiculous.

"I am a more intelligent man than you," he said. "You are too simple for the complexities of life. You could not possibly be sufficient for a girl of Miss Sidney's character. She would die of boredom in six months. There is nothing preposterous about my candidacy for Miss Sidney. I am older than I'd like to be, but that is all."

"You are a hideous old fool," I said. "but I think I can handle you, and I give you warning."

"I am going to be quite friendly," said Jed.

"You flatter yourself," I said.

"Well, anyway," he said. "I'm friendly."

He proved to be so. The life of the house went placidly from day to day. Isobel, with a sense of our pursuing toward each other, made mocking gestures of affection which shocked her mother. She particularly delighted to demonstrate, when Jed was serving dinner. I thought she would end by getting me shot in the back, but Jed had rated me finally as unimportant, which did my egoism no good. For such a man to discard me, formally betrothed as I was to Isobel, in his scintillating presence of that beautiful girl, was preposterous.

If Mrs. Sidney had known that I was being so friendly to her son, she would have been shocked. But she did not know, and she was content to let things go as they were.

I was going to have my own way. I'll have what I want. I'll make you glad to come to terms. I'm a reasonable man, too. Now, admit that I've been considerate."

"What can give him the privilege of such insolence?" I exclaimed. "I imagine he is enamored," she said serenely. "It may seem impossible to you."

"Has this man approached you directly?" I asked.

"He has been gallant, amorous, suggestive, tender, soulful, aggressive, pleading, threatening, subservient and—I think that is all—but only in manner."

"I don't understand it," I said helplessly.

"Neither do I," she said. "And I know just enough to know that I shall not understand it. I do not like to find it had been known that the position was mockery of dented hopes."

Isobel used me to gain her liberty. She affected familiarity and called me "John" derisively, or worse "dear" or "old dear." I protested, in more pain than she could guess.

"We are engaged," she said. "What should I call you?"

"You might consider the fact that we are not engaged," I suggested.

"But we are. If we don't act as if we were, you'll not be any protection against Jed. Don't you want me to call you John?"

"Of course I do," I said. "It's perfectly straightforward, natural and proper."

"Then it's the 'dear' and 'old dear' you object to, and I perfectly delight in calling you 'old dear.' It fits so well—it is really wonderful. It is almost a complete description as well as a charming appellation. I adore it."

"I object to unnecessary freedom," I said.

"But it helps to deceive Jed," she said.

"Nothing deceives Jed. He was deceived only for a short while. Then he tried to kill me. He apologized afterward for his mistake. He knows the character of our engagement."

"Just the same, he has not bothered me since then as he did before."

"That is because he is a coward and I have him where I can control him."

Mrs. Sidney did not understand her daughter. That was not astonishing; Isobel was a young American woman; Mrs. Sidney had Spanish traditions. Isobel came naturally, through her father, to a candor which never ceased to amaze and—occasionally—to distress her mother. Isobel said what she thought. Her frankness came from honesty of character. Her lovely mother regarded life as something to be managed by reticence and denial. Mrs. Sidney was esthetic, and if a fact were unesthetic, she denied it and put it out of her consideration. It was, to her, the only proper thing to do.

Isobel was a clever tennis-player and I a poor one. She beat me three or four sets every time after noon. She liked to drive a car and ride a horse. I drove and rode with her.

When Isobel said for the first time that she wanted to take me for a drive in the car, her mother made a gesture of dismay. Isobel stood before her and smiled.

"You know we're engaged, mother," she said.

I thought of the hen at the pond's edge seeing her brood of ducklings in the water. Mrs. Sidney was not in a panic and she did not flutter, but her distress was acute. She knew the girl had to develop and she knew that she had to live in North, not South America. But knowledge is not a complete antidote to pain.

Isobel took her mother's hand and kissed it, and then her lips. She smiled in such an honest, frank, perceptive fashion—I know that a smile can contain all the human understanding in the world, because I saw Isobel's—and then, holding her mother's hand, she allowed Mrs. Sidney to have the moment of distress with the intimate support of her own presence.

It may seem a small struggle that mother and daughter went through, but it did not seem small to me who witnessed it, and it had no rhetorical and little emotional expression.

Isobel knew her mother suffered, but she was wise. Mrs. Sidney dreaded her daughter's adopted mode of life, but knew her daughter.

"Good-bye, mother," said Isobel. "We shan't be gone long. Come on, John."

That was the first time she had called me John honestly and without comedy. I knew her finesse. She did it to give her mother the comfortable sense that she was not going upon a wild adventure of an automobile ride with an unrelated man but was within the strict intimacy of the family.

We went driving, Isobel at the wheel. She liked to drive fast and I do not. I am timid. I do not think that locomotion is a genuine human pleasure. Possibly it is, behind either a fast or a plodding horse. I prefer the plodding horse. Locomotion then merely reveals gradually changing facets of the scene; one likes to see the manifold aspects of a landscape unfold. But an automobile driven as Isobel wanted to drive it revealed no facets. It merely blurred the vision and gave the idea that the satisfaction sought was a certain amount of wind blown in the face. For such as love it, not for me!

"That was a difficult scene, doctor," she said.

"I know that was what she would call me next—'doctor.' I came directly down out of the clouds."

"I think I shall continue to call you John just that way," she said. "It seems more honest and decent. After all, we are engaged."

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Sometimes Mr. Sidney could be taken out in an automobile, of a warm, fair afternoon. It was not often that his strength permitted this, but whenever it did, I was glad not only to allow but to suggest that he make use of all opportunities.

The most beautiful of our river drives brought us, within the limitation of Mr. Sidney's strength, to the penitentiary at Alwick. It was a hideous structure of barracks, work-rooms and walls, of cells and armed guards; but it was in lovely surroundings, and it was took the best roads, we came naturally to the prison walls.

I was as sensible as a corrupting romanticism would permit me to be. I knew that any affection I might place in this fashion was a real and serious emotional vice, which if not controlled might lead to unhappiness. That consciousness had steeled me, but it had not delivered me.

Isobel walked brightly through the old house of tragedy—as surely it was, however hidden the tragedy. She was the glint of sunshine in the midst of the dark woods, the odor of roses against the wall. She had the charm of the holybooks, the freshness of the begonia in the spring, the beauty of the wild rose in June.

If I showed my feeling more than a few snuggles shows a soul, I hope I may be punished. What I thought of

Isobel was my own affair, so long as I kept it strictly my own affair. I took myself in hand with as much energy and promptness as I could, following the announcement of our engagement. I did not want to confess myself a fool. I did not intend to do so if I could help it.

I overdid it. I became disagreeable. I kept as much out of Isobel's presence as possible. I never willingly was alone with her. I did my best to avoid meeting her or speaking to her. Isobel met the situation with her natural frankness after I had been giving this demonstration of myself for some time.

"Doctor," she said, "this household necessarily imposes friendships upon the people in it. I wonder if we could not be a little more agreeable to each other."

I did not know what to say. I hoped not to be a hypocrite, and I did not want to be absurd.

"I shall be glad to be as agreeable as I can," I said after some mental suffering. "I want to be, but I am so awkward."

"I want to be, too," said Isobel, "and if we both want to be, we shall not have to glow at each other every time we meet. Even mother does not require it and father would detest it."

Without saying anything more, she made me see that I had used a cheap device to escape the consequences of a foolish affection. The girl in a very friendly fashion had shown me that my aversion of her was marked, cool and unreasonable. It was wholly reasonable from my poor standpoint, but from no other.

I knew that I was meeting my difficulty by running away from it, and I not only did not like the timidity of escape in this fashion, but furthermore, I did not like the opinion Isobel formed of me because of it. I had to face the music, and after that I did. It ought not to have astonished me that I felt better instantly. I knew that a coward only increased his troubles.

I imagine if I had not seemed such a professional stick, such a thing aloof from human emotions, Isobel would have been merely friendly and kind. As it was, she was tantalizing. She liked me well enough, but that meant very little. If she did not drive, ride, walk or play tennis with me, she had a choice of the servants. It was I or nothing.

I was with Mr. Sidney a number of hours every day. They varied, sometimes seven or eight a day in different periods, sometimes three or four. Very little of this time was occupied in professional duty. Life at Hartley house would have been intolerably tedious if I had been there merely as a practitioner. And therefore I welcomed a routine that was outside my profession. Mr. Sidney had a delicacy of perception which told him when attention upon even so amiable an invalid might be drawing upon the physical reserve of the people waiting upon him or being with him. He always managed that they never should feel the fatigue of it.

We saw no company at Hartley house. We made no calls and received none. We extended no invitations and received none. The estate was baronial, and it had baronial habits, but it brought no friends to the doors.

It was nearly always with regard to Isobel that the condition seemed unnatural. For an invalid like Mr. Sidney it was natural enough. Mrs. Sidney was wholly devoted to him; I was

engaged in professional duties; and for Jed and the servants in the house it was natural to be content with what they had of life or with the performance of duties for which they were paid and which they might abandon at will. But this was Isobel's life. She was young, vibrant, beautiful, but vistas opening into human prospects were closed to her. And she was engaged to a piece of professional dead wood who happened to be the only often a yellow Persian cat rested on his knees. It was a difficult if not dangerous matter for any one else than Mr. Sidney to touch the cat, named Algol.

"The Winking Demon," said Mr. Sidney, frowning the cat's ruff as it lay on his lap, and purred. I knew just enough of the star Algol and its variability to understand the whimsicality of an old man's naming a cat for the winking sun. Algol in Mr. Sidney's lap blinked at me, and the old man's genius for understanding and classification seemed uncanny.

Mr. Sidney's room was of great size. It had two fireplaces and a large cove of windows bringing toward the west. At the smaller of the two fireplaces he had his breakfast. Either at the large fireplace or in the outward bulge of windows, he had his dinner.

In spite of the Persian cat, Mr. Sidney had three canaries in the room. Algol respected them after a fashion that I thought uncertain. I have seen a canary sitting on the cat's head, but I thought it was a decided case of misplaced confidence. Algol would not touch a canary and would continue to wait it.

It was deterred from natural action in the matter by his affection for the strange but kindly master who wanted cats and canaries to live together in unity.

I know I never fully grasped Mr. Sidney's scheme of life, but I thought that he found existence ironic. His graciousness and his cheerfulness, I thought, represented the germs of his conquest of mortality. His personal charm was extraordinary. Every one in the house felt it. But an astonishing thing about Mr. Sidney was an occasional emotion which, as it manifested itself in his expressions—and that was the only fashion I saw it for a long time—was one of savage hate.

It was only by coming on him when he was not expecting me that I saw this. I remember that the first time I saw the expression on his face I was dumfounded. That I was not expected in his room was entirely without intention on my part. People who were accustomed to being with him walked into the room without ceremony. His bedroom and bath were to one side. His living-room he insisted should be open without formality.

On the occasion I speak of I had come in quietly, but it was without intention to surprise my patient. He was sitting in his large chair with Algol on his knees. His eyes were closed, and on his face was an expression of unrelievedness that was almost demonic. It was so startling that the sight of it stopped me in my step and made me feel more than uneasy, almost afraid. Mr. Sidney was quiet, except that with one hand he stroked Algol about the head and ears. The cat was almost imperceptible in motion, but Algol was purring so loudly that the sound filled the otherwise quiet room.

The unrelievedness—the malignancy, hatred, concentrated essence of ferocity—in Mr. Sidney's face would have stopped anyone. To one who had affection for him as I had, it was as horrible to see him so. It was a confession of something I did not want to know.

I was in fear that he might hear me and, opening his eyes, find that I had discovered him. I was embarrassed and uncertain what to do. It was a silly predicament, as I saw afterward. My part was quite simple. I should have paid no attention to any such phenomenon as the expression on a man's face and have acted perfectly naturally.

The common-sense thing—and I consider myself fairly sensible—was apparent afterward. It indicates the astonishing shock of the thing that I was unable to act sensibly. What was the expression in an amiable, charming man's face, to knock a sensible person out of all his senses? Here was a dozing man merely toying with a cat's ears, and the very sight of what was expressed in his face, made me numb.

I cannot understand it now, the terrifying sensation being one which disappeared as the recollection of the emotions faded. What I did was to back toward the door, open it as quietly as I could, back out, and then re-enter the room silently.

Mr. Sidney was looking at me smilingly. His charm of manner never seemed more positive and active.

"Hello, doctor!" he said. "I needed company and just your company. If you would only drink wine!"

A broken pipe in the laundry made it necessary to call a plumber from Hartley, and to get quick service, it was agreed that we should send a car for the man and his helper.

The day was pleasant, and for the sake of the drive I went with the driver. The plumber was a fat man of the comic type. I thought he must be the embodiment of all the plumbers' jokes. They seemed to have created him; he was the product of the comics.

I even asked him if he were sure he had all his tools. I thought he would be sure to send us back for a wrench. He was amiable, laughed at anything or nothing and was saved from being a nuisance only by an abounding animal optimism which was infectious.

Driving through the Hartley house grounds, we came to the pool, and the plumber—named Harkins—chuckled. This far, whenever he or something else amused him, he had laughed. Now he chuckled as if in recollection of an experience richer or deeper than any he had been talking of.

"That place is going to be remembered by me," he said. "I have been out here only once since the night I made a bet I was not afraid to sit on the bank here for an hour. They've got a good many stories of this place in town. I had been drinking a little. I don't do it steady, but once in a while I get out. You've got to do it to keep the house going happy. Give the wife

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"That

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

TIME TABLE
(Corrected to March 28, 1920)
Newport to Fall River, Providence and Boston

Week Days				
Newport	F. River	Boston	F. River	Prov.
Leave	Due	Leave	Leave	Due
6.55	7.25	8.35	7.25	7.55
8.00	8.30	9.40	8.30	9.00
8.15	8.45	10.15	8.45	9.15
9.05	9.35	11.05	9.35	10.05
10.10	10.40	12.00	10.40	11.10
11.15	11.45	1.00	11.45	12.15
12.20	12.50	2.00	12.50	1.20
1.25	1.55	3.00	1.55	2.25
2.30	3.00	4.00	3.00	3.30
3.35	4.05	5.00	4.05	4.35
4.40	5.10	6.00	5.10	5.40
5.45	6.15	7.00	6.15	6.45
6.50	7.20	8.00	7.20	7.50

Sundays				
Newport	F. River	Boston	F. River	Prov.
Leave	Due	Leave	Leave	Due
7.00	7.30	8.40	7.30	8.00
8.05	8.35	9.45	8.35	9.05
9.10	9.40	10.50	9.40	10.10
10.15	10.45	11.55	10.45	11.15
11.20	11.50	1.05	11.50	12.20
12.25	12.55	2.05	12.55	1.25
1.30	2.00	3.05	2.00	2.30
2.35	3.05	4.05	3.05	3.35
3.40	4.10	5.05	4.10	4.40
4.45	5.15	6.05	5.15	5.45
5.50	6.20	7.05	6.20	6.50
6.55	7.25	8.05	7.25	7.55

Boston, Providence and Fall River to Newport

Week Days				
Prov.	F. River	Boston	F. River	Newport
Leave	Due	Leave	Leave	Due
6.55	7.25	8.35	7.25	7.55
8.00	8.30	9.40	8.30	9.00
8.15	8.45	10.15	8.45	9.15
9.05	9.35	11.05	9.35	10.05
10.10	10.40	12.00	10.40	11.10
11.15	11.45	1.00	11.45	12.15
12.20	12.50	2.00	12.50	1.20
1.25	1.55	3.00	1.55	2.25
2.30	3.00	4.00	3.00	3.30
3.35	4.05	5.00	4.05	4.35
4.40	5.10	6.00	5.10	5.40
5.45	6.15	7.00	6.15	6.45
6.50	7.20	8.00	7.20	7.50

Sundays				
Prov.	F. River	Boston	F. River	Newport
Leave	Due	Leave	Leave	Due
7.00	7.30	8.40	7.30	8.00
8.05	8.35	9.45	8.35	9.05
9.10	9.40	10.50	9.40	10.10
10.15	10.45	11.55	10.45	11.15
11.20	11.50	1.05	11.50	12.20
12.25	12.55	2.05	12.55	1.25
1.30	2.00	3.05	2.00	2.30
2.35	3.05	4.05	3.05	3.35
3.40	4.10	5.05	4.10	4.40
4.45	5.15	6.05	5.15	5.45
5.50	6.20	7.05	6.20	6.50
6.55	7.25	8.05	7.25	7.55

*Will not run May 31.
Time 12.01 midnight to 12.00 noon is indicated by light-faced type. 12.01 noon to 12.00 midnight is indicated by dark-faced type.

LETTER "R" NOT POPULAR

Many Writers Would View With Equanimity Its Complete Disappearance From the Language.

In a tract recently issued under the auspices of the Society for Pure English, Dr. Robert Bridges declares the practical disappearance of the letter R from the speech of southern Englishmen, according to the Manchester Guardian. Yet, some people would be disposed to regard the extinction of this letter with composure or even approval. John Aubrey, for instance, appears to have nursed a prejudice against those who sound it too prominently in their speech. In his "Lives" Aubrey alludes to the fact that "Milton pronounced the letter R (litera canina) very hard—a certain sign of a satyrical wit."

In Germany the "canine letter" has found many enemies, who maintain that its abounding employment largely accounts for the ruggedness of German speech. Some writers have gone so far as to produce works from which it is entirely banished—a remarkably difficult feat, seeing that it figures in about 50 per cent of German words.

Two minor luminaries of the eighteenth century, Bruckes and Gottlieb Burmann, wrote a number of poems from which the letter is deliberately excluded, so as to produce an atmosphere of "sweetness and light."

These facts were eclipsed by a nineteenth century author, Franz Kuller, who held the letter in aversion, though it appears twice in his own surname. He published two novels, "Die Zwillinge" and "Lisette und Wilhelm," in which no R can be found.

Paul von Schottbau and Leo Kober are responsible for similar works on a lesser scale.

The Young Spurn Advice.

One peculiar thing of life is that when we grow old we cannot make the younger generation take our advice on matters of life. They say: "That may have been all right when you were young, but that was many years ago. Times have changed since then." It would be fine if we could have the younger generation start where we leave off instead of committing the same foolish mistakes that we ourselves have made, and yet it seems that this cannot be.—Dean Shaller Matthews.

Presidential Powers.

The president of the United States is by Article II, Section II of the Constitution, commander-in-chief of the army and navy and of the militia of the several states; when called into the actual service of the United States. Under his general power as commander-in-chief he can order the army and navy anywhere he will, when necessary, to protect the rights of American citizens and their property, or to see that the laws are executed faithfully.

Defectives in the Orient.

There are 1,000,000 blind and at least 400,000 deaf in China. India has 500,000 blind. Nearly 5 per cent of the population of Cairo is said to be physically defective, usually blind or half blind. The natives of the African jungle, instead of being the lusty savages of imagination, are for the most part physically below par. The majority of them are malnourished and diseased and marked physical defects are common.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE MYSTERY OF HARTLEY HOUSE

Continued from Page 2

and the warden led him to the most accessible parts of the interesting place. We saw the rattle-chair works and the boiler men in the gardens. We also took one glance at a tier of cell-houses and peeped into the dining-hall and into the chapel.

The warden would have had us stay to dinner.

I had to forbear this. It would have been too much of a physical strain upon Mr. Sidney. I knew that the little diversion was interesting him, and I was glad to have him interested, but I did not want to tax his strength.

"I'm the doctor's servant," he said. "I'll look into the library if you don't mind, warden, and then we'll obey the physician."

Warden Williams led us to the library, which contained a large collection of books. An elderly convict was engaged in cataloguing some new volumes which had just been taken out of boxes. He was interested and paid no attention to us.

Mr. Sidney looked at him for a few minutes.

"What did you say was his crime?" he asked of the warden.

"That's Dobson," said Mr. Williams.

"You must know his story. He is the



"He is the Man Who Killed His Brother."

men who killed his brother. You are living in the Dobson house."

I looked at the frail, white-haired man with a sudden shock of interest. This was the man who had created the ghost story at Hartley house. He was fumbling registry cards and writing on them. He was frail and insignificant. He had been once, by legend, a sturdy, muscular, cruel brute. He was now feeble and interested in cataloguing.

Mr. Sidney looked about the room.

"This does not seem to be so well protected as the other parts of the prison," he said.

"It is not thought necessary," said the warden. "Escape from here might not be impossible for an agile man. It is not impossible from any part of the prison. It can only be made impracticable. It would be easier from here, but still difficult. But this old man would be in a harder prison of deprivation and friendlessness outside than he is inside."

"Do you mean that he is the man who made the ghost story I brought with my house?" Mr. Sidney asked.

"That's all there is human of your ghost story," said the warden.

"It is more than most ghost stories have," said Mr. Sidney.

CHAPTER V.

I could not believe the slightest particle in the ghost story. I am rationalistic. But as the legend of the pond took shape, my imagination began to give substance to its shadows.

Yet the place was genial and cordial. Mr. Sidney's joviality was the dominant note in the house. An aging sick man might naturally have been testy. He might have been impatient, have had whims and crochets. He might have been fractious in his demands upon and acceptance of service. But Mr. Sidney was always cordial and considerate. A great deal of the time he spent in bed. When he was not in bed he sat in a great chair, and very something to talk about. My wife would rather scold me than eat, and she loves her food.

"We were at the White Pigeon, having a good time but thinking of going home, when some one started on this Hartley house story. Everybody had something to say, and I said that there was no ghost that could scare me, at least no ghost that ever was within a hundred miles of Hartley. That's where I made a fool of myself. I've got to admit that's where I made a fool of myself."

"I bet five dollars I would sit an hour on the bank at this place. I forgot all about the dogs, or I'd not have made the bet. Anyway, they didn't bother me. We got an automobile and drove out here. The fellows left me at the pool and went a mile back. They were going to take my word for it. I was to stay an hour and then start walking back. At the end of an hour they would start toward me and pick me up. They had beer and sandwiches. I had a couple of bottles and some cheese and crackers."

"I wasn't afraid of that place. I'm not afraid of any place unless I get to thinking about this one. It was along in October. A hot owl was somewhere back of me, and there was a whippoorwill up toward the house."

"I'm used to hot-owls and whippoorwills, but I hadn't drunk more than half a bottle of beer before even these things began to sound different."

"The current of the river kept knocking at the big rock at the end of the pool, and you began to think that things were reaching for you out of the dark. I'd have given ten dollars to get out, but I got so that I didn't want to move. I felt safer sitting still."

"Then I began to hear things that I

don't suppose were making a noise at all. It may be it was rabbits in the bush. I nearly died when I heard a cry about fifty feet back of me. I did hear that. I guess a ferret had got a rabbit. You know how a rabbit cries—like a baby."

"I was sitting in the open, and I thought I'd feel better if I got my back up against something. So I crawled over to some bushes and sat down behind them."

"Maybe I had been there a half an hour, feeling sorry and uncomfortable, when I heard a regular yell. There wasn't any fooling about that. It sounded like some one being hurt but yelling not so much because of the hurt as because he was mad."

"You've heard fellows talking about their hair standing on end. I never knew what it really meant before, but my hair just stood right up. I felt like some one was trying to scalp me, and I was gooseflesh all over."

"It had been dark on account of clouds, but just then the moon came out and lighted up the place. There was a man standing on the edge of the pool, just about where I had been sitting. He was leaning with both hands on a cane and standing perfectly still. He didn't seem like a man. He looked like a dog, but you had a feeling that he wasn't one."

"I don't want ever to be so scared again. I didn't know who had yelled, but I thought this man had, and I didn't think he was a man. I thought he was a ghost. I'm not saying what I think now, but if I had to, I'd say that I saw the ghost of this place—and anybody that wants to laugh can laugh. He can come down here at night and get cured of laughing."

"I couldn't move for a while. The man stood still, leaning on his cane. I watched him until I began to feel that I could use my legs again. I don't know why I was so scared, but I was. I crawled away through the brush for a hundred feet or so. Then I got up and ran."

"I heard that yell behind me again. I'll bet nobody around here ever ran a mile as fast as I did. I scared the fellows who were waiting for me. They didn't joke any. Fun at me. They looked at me and got that automobile started. I paid the bet, but they didn't have any laugh on me. There isn't one of them would come down here at night now."

"When was this?" I asked.

"Four or five years ago," said the

plumber. "Some time in October."

We came to the house, and he went into the laundry to fix the pipes.

"It doesn't look haunted around here," he said as he perceived the languid joviality of the place, "but you've got to get me out before dark."

That was virtually the complete substance of the Hartley house ghost—the picture of a man leaning on a cane by the edge of the river. Romance had to be content with them.

One evening in late October, which had turned chill and brought up a high wind, Mr. Sidney produced a new phenomenon. He had a strange flash of strength. When I went to his room after dinner I found him walking about without help. Ordinarily, if he walked at all, Jed was his strength.

"Occasionally I can do it, doctor," he said. "The strength comes. I usually pay for it next day, however."

"I'd be very careful, then," I suggested.

"Yes, but you do not know how grateful it is to feel vigor once in a while," he said, continuing to walk forth and back in the room.

I sat down and watched him without remarking. It was astonishing to see him so agile and strong but I had learned that timid prudence was very ineffective. I had confessed my inability to understand him.

He did not seem to want to continue life for the purpose of preserving his sensations but for the purpose of some accomplishment. His conditions were so pleasant that it might be reasonable to desire a prolonging of them. Evidently he was not set upon that. He was not trying to accomplish anything. He did nothing. He had no unfinished work. And yet his will to live, I knew, was a will to see the fruit of something. He seemed to have a spiritual incentive; something that had other than a physical impulse controlled him and gave him resolution.

I was marveling at his strange activity when Isabel and Mrs. Sidney came in. Mr. Sidney proposed whist, and we began a game. The wind increased in violence, and the log fire grew in comfort. We had a pleasant game, disturbed for me only by speculations as to the cause of Mr. Sidney's strange animation and strength.

Shortly after ten o'clock the ladies said good night, and Jed came in with a fresh log for the fire. The wind had been increasing in volume, sound and power. I was thinking of bed.

"Sit a while longer, doctor," Mr. Sidney urged. "Jed and I shall be the better for some other company. This is the sort of night we like to sit up to enjoy. Esthetically one ought to make the most of such a night."

Jed went out and presently came in again with two bottles of wine.

"What are we drinking tonight, Jed?" Mr. Sidney asked.

"I thought the evening suggested a warm sherry," said Jed.

"I think it does," said Mr. Sidney.

"There is body and a live soul in sherry."

"But certainly," I suggested in alarm, "you will not drink sherry."

"Indeed not," said Mr. Sidney. "Jed drinks it for me, and I watch him. You must have a glass with him—just one. He'll have a dozen—I don't ask you to follow him—but just one."

Jed opened a bottle, and when he offered me a glass I yielded. I wanted to increase the sense of protective comforts against that shill wind outside.

Jed drew a comfortable chair close to the fire and took his wine in large but appreciative sips. I took mine in small but appreciative sips. The fire roared, and the wind howled.

Jed, drinking by sips, soon was exhilarated. Mr. Sidney and I had been rational. We had been talking. I recall of the substitution of a Syrian

idea of immortality, concerned chiefly with precious metals and stones, for the north European idea of Valhalla, when Jed began to sing, and with gusto and affection opened another bottle of wine. The wind grew in violence.

"It is a night for any of the living dead about a place," I said.

"I like a wind that has many voices," said Mr. Sidney. "It produces certain sensations or emotions that are primitive. It suggests a threat and increases the sense of shelter and comfort. We all like pensants about the fireplace and are inclined to legends."

"And tell sad stories of the deaths of kings," said Jed, drawing his chair nearer to the fire and spreading out his hands before it. He was drinking more rationally now, sipping his wine instead of gulping it. He had arrived at his desired state and wished to maintain it.

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Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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In Use For Over 30 Years

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younger brother. The best thing Henry ever had from Richard was contempt.

"I have known families of that nature," said Mr. Sidney. "Our conventional teach us to regard a family tie as a sacrament. In many cases it is only an odious obligation leading to tragedy."

"Dick knew all of Henry's weaknesses," Jed continued. "Sometimes he would torture him physically, by twisting his wrist or rolling him over on the ground when young girls were around. Sometimes he would torture him without laying hands on him."

"Dick was a thick-headed brute, but he had a genius for cruelty. When their parents died and the boys approached their majority, Henry was almost an imbecile for fear of Dick."

"Dick wanted then to get his inheritance and go out into the world, but the estate was left in trust until both boys were of age. Dick came of age and was obliged to wait two years for Henry."

I was astonished by the succinct and philosophical brevity of this ignorant man's narrative. Mr. Sidney was at ease in his chair with his eyes closed and a placid expression of pleasure on his face. Jed was active in gesticulation as he talked. That was the effect of the wine. The wind continued to pull at the chimney and scold in the corners.

"Jed has read a great deal to me," said Mr. Sidney without opening his eyes. "I think he has become theatrical."

"Well," said Jed, "to shorten a story, when Dick, being twenty-one, found that he had to wait two more years for Henry, he became more brutal than ever. In some way or other, the night of the murder the two brothers happened to meet in a tavern in a village not far from Hartley house. Henry did not want to go home with his brother, but they both got drunk and they started to walk home together."

"No one has been able to do much more than guess at what took place, but it was known that Richard was a brute and that Henry was scared of him but was not a coward. They must have had a violent quarrel."

"There was a cottage near the pool. The only person in it at the time was a little girl, whose parents were not at home. She was awakened by cries and swearing. She said she heard one man say: 'They'll find you dead in the morning.' Then she heard sounds of a struggle and was scared and hid her head under the bedclothes."

"When her parents came home she told them what she had heard, and they went out with a lantern to the place from which the noise came. They found parts of Henry's clothing. The next day Richard was found, ten miles away, still drunk. He confessed that he had killed his brother in a drunken rage."

"Afterward he said that he hadn't, but he admitted that there had been a quarrel. It was a most celebrated trial. Richard was convicted, though the state could not produce any indubitable physical evidence of Henry's death. The contention over this evidence made the case noted."

"Richard Dobson is in the penitentiary at Alwick now. Henry's ghost is what is supposed to come back to the pool."

The wind howled outside, and the fire burned cheerfully. As a romantic I felt rebellious. The ghost story lacked antiquity. A good ghost story would not have any human element in it a prisoner in a nearby penitentiary. It was too common a savor of the present.

"But Stevenson would have liked the story," said Mr. Sidney. "It has so much hate in it. Probably it is because I live here where this tale of hate has its scene that I enjoy 'The Master of Ballantrae' so much."

To be continued

Speaking the Truth.

What is the truth in the eyes of the heavens?

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What is the truth in the eyes of the heavens?

MRS. CLARA S. TAYLOR

Member of the District of Columbia Rent Commission.



Mrs. Clara S. Taylor, writer and publicist, is the second woman recently appointed by President Wilson to a responsible government position. She has been made one of the three members of the District of Columbia Rent Commission, a body to which Congress gave considerable authority.

IRISH WOMEN PICKETS BURN BRITISH FLAG

Soldiers and Sailors Witness the Ceremony in Front of U. S. Treasury Building.

Washington.—Women who said they were sympathizers with the cause of Irish freedom burned a British flag in front of the treasury and paraded with banners calling on the United States to force England to pay interest on its debt to this country. The women were not molested.

A crowd gathered as the pickets took up their station in front of the building, clerks filling the windows. They watched the flag-burning ceremony, apparently with no great animosity. Soldiers and sailors were among the onlookers, and police were near by. One man, apparently an Englishman, started to protest, but withdrew after an altercation.

Miss Mary Ferriek of Malden, Mass., poured gasoline on the British banner. Then Miss Helen O'Brien of Boston touched a match to it. Some of the Irish sympathizers cheered. As the flames died down Miss Mary Keena of New York kicked the embers and cried, "Just another little Boston tea party to remind the assnissins not to go too far!" Defectives arrived 15 minutes after the women had dispersed and said arrests might be made later.

The same women conducted the demonstration in the senate and some time ago picketed the British embassy. They were arrested when they paraded before the embassy under a statute which forbids molestation of foreign diplomats at the request of the department of state. The department was not concerned about the late activities, however.

Some of the legends on the banners carried before the treasury were: "Secretary Houston: England pays bonuses to soldiers fighting Ireland and India. Call the loans to England and pay our boys."

Pickets gave these names: Miss Maura Quinn, Boston; Miss Mary Ferriek, Boston; Miss Kathleen Savage, Everett, Mass.; Miss Mary M. Duffy, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. T. K. Corless, New York; Miss Kathleen O'Brien, San Francisco, and Miss Rosalie Moynehan, New York.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—Director of Census placed population of New York at 5,261,151, an increase of 17.9 per cent.

PARIS.—Marshal Foch announced he will retire to his country estate when he is no longer needed by the Supreme Council. He was slightly injured following a collision between his automobile and a taxicab.

BOSTON.—Warrants for the arrest of 5,000 slackers were issued in Boston.

TOKIO.—Japan wishes to have a clause in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance changed which will not cause Japan to join Great Britain in case of war between the United States and the latter.

NEW YORK.—The superdreadnought Tennessee, biggest and most formidable fighting ship afloat, went into commission.

MEXICO CITY.—One-third of the houses of Vera Cruz will be burned because of the bubonic plague infection. It has been decided by the citizens of that city, according to the Excelsior.

BATON ROUGE, La.—By unanimous vote the Senate Federal Committee reported out a resolution providing for ratification of the federal suffrage amendment by the state of Louisiana.

Mrs. Mollie Binder, 30, and her three children were found in bed dead from gas poisoning, at their home, 35 Lucerne street, Dorchester, Mass. The mother was despondent because the family had been ordered to leave the house which her husband had been forced to sell a short time ago.

WILSON VETOES BUDGET MEASURE

Section Giving Congress Power to Remove Comptroller General Held Unconstitutional.

HOUSE FAILS TO OVERRIDE

Return of Bill Speeded in Hope Defect Will Be Remedied Before Adjournment—Lacks Nine Votes of Necessary Two-thirds.

Washington.—The bill to establish a national budget system was vetoed by President Wilson. The measure was held by the President to be unconstitutional because it took from the chief executive the power to remove the controller general and the assistant controller general, officers who would be appointed by him with the advice and consent of the senate.

The President said he returned the measure without his approval "with the greatest regret," because he was "in entire sympathy" with its objects. He added that he returned it at the "earliest possible moment, with the hope that the Congress may find time before adjournment to remedy this defect."

The vote came at midnight, and when the motion to override was defeated leaders were undecided what would be their next move.

President Wilson in his veto message said:

"I would gladly approve it (the bill) but for the fact that I regard one of the provisions contained in section 303 as unconstitutional. This is the provision to the effect that the controller general and the assistant controller general, who are to be appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the senate, may be removed at any time by a concurrent resolution of Congress after notice and hearing, when in their judgment the controller general or assistant controller general is incompetent or inefficient, or has been guilty of neglect of duty, or of malfeasance of office, or of any felony or conduct involving moral turpitude, and for no other cause, except either by impeachment or a concurrent resolution of Congress. It has, I think, always been the accepted construction of the constitution that the power to appoint officers of this kind carries with it, as an incident, the power to remove. I am convinced that the Congress is without constitutional powers to limit the appointing power and its incident power of removal, derived from the constitution.

"The section referred to not only forbids the executive to remove these officers, but undertakes to empower the Congress, by a concurrent resolution, to remove an officer appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the senate.

"I can find in the constitution no warrant for the exercise of this power by the Congress. There is certainly no expressed authority conferred, and I am unable to see that authority for the exercise of this power is implied in any expressed grant of power. On the contrary, I think its exercise is clearly negatived by section 2 of article XI. That section, after providing that certain enumerated officers, and all officers whose appointments are not otherwise provided for, shall be appointed by the President, with the advice and consent of the senate, provides that Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

"It would have been within the constitutional power of the Congress, in creating these offices, to have vested the power of appointment in the President alone, in the President with the advice and consent of the senate, or even in the head of a department. Regarding as I do the power of removal from office as an essential incident to the appointing power, I cannot escape the conclusion that the vesting of this power of removal in the Congress is unconstitutional and therefore I am unable to approve the bill.

"I am returning the bill at the earliest possible moment with the hope that the Congress may find time before adjournment to remedy this defect."

CANADA TO PROTECT PAPERS.

Government Will Keep 15 Per Cent of News Print for Domestic Publishers.

Ottawa, Ont.—The Dominion government will introduce legislation this week compelling Canadian makers of news print to supply 15 per cent of their total output to Canadian publishers, according to the Ottawa Citizen.

This quantity will be sufficient for the needs of the newspapers of Canada, the paper states. The bill to be introduced will not fix the price.

CRITICIZE JAPANESE TREATY.

Australian Newspapers Object to Renewed Alliance With Britain.

London.—Renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is being sharply criticized by the Australian press.

It is suggested the terms of the alliance should include a proviso which would prevent Great Britain from being dragged into a possible war between China and Japan, and newspapers insist upon the right of Australians to control all domestic legislation.

Dr. M. F. Fallon of Worcester, Mass., speaking before the New England Federation of Medical Examiners, Board at the State House declared that legalized murders are being committed in hospitals by inexperienced young men, who, as internes, are allowed to operate on persons seeking relief.

OBREGON AND HIS WIFE

Gen. Carranza's Conqueror and His Beautiful Wife.



General Alvaro Obregon, the conqueror of Carranza in the Mexican revolution, and his handsome wife, Senora Maria Tapia de Obregon.

VOTES 343 TO 3 TO KILL 60 WAR TIME LAWS

Enemy Trading and Lever Food Bills Are Only Measures Excepted.

Washington.—By a vote of 343 to 3 the house adopted a resolution to repeal all the war laws, excepting the Lever food and fuel control acts and the trading-with-the-enemy act. The repeal resolution affects sixty laws. The three negative votes were cast by Representatives Garrett and Sims of Tennessee and Welling of Ohio.

House Democrats in joining the Republicans in support of the resolution declared they were confident that President Wilson would also approve of the measure. Representative Connally of Texas, one of the Democratic speakers, declared that the President was first to suggest the repeal, and added that practically every Democrat is ready to vote to override a veto. If the President disapproves of the measure.

While supporting the resolutions, the Democrats complained against the continuance of the Lever act, and also asserted that it was doubtful whether all war legislation, especially the espionage act, was affected by the repeal.

After charging that the Republicans favored the retention of the Lever act because of its approval by certain interests as effective anti-strike legislation, Representative Igou of Missouri, Democrat, sought vainly to remove the exception preserving the law. Representative Walsh of Massachusetts, Republican, in charge of the repeal measure, refused to consent to the elimination, declaring that the Lever act was necessary as the only law by which the government may punish profiteering in foodstuffs, clothing, and other necessities.

Under the parliamentary situation, no opportunity of amending the repeal resolution was offered, and the refusal of Mr. Walsh to give unanimous consent for broadcasting the measure blocked Mr. Igou's proposal.

Both Mr. Igou and Representative Gard of Ohio, another Democrat, protested that the language of the resolutions was too indefinite to affect all the other wartime legislation. Their complaint was aimed particularly at the espionage act, Mr. Gard complaining that it hampered "free speech and free press."

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Budget legislation has been delayed by the senate filibuster which prevented action following President Wilson's veto, but Congressional leaders feel confident that a measure will be put through at next winter's session.

President Wilson in a telegram to the railroad brotherhoods charged Congress with failure to take "important remedial action with respect to the cost of living" and to give "serious consideration" to the revision of the tax laws and the problems of peace. The President's message was in reply to one from the brotherhood officials.

Construction of five hospitals, costing \$10,000,000 for use by veterans of the world war is authorized in a bill reported unanimously by the House Buildings Committee.

The nomination of Frank Cooper as federal judge in the northern New York district, was confirmed by the United States senate. Judge Cooper will take the bench at once.

The house passed an amendment to the trading-with-the-enemy act to facilitate the return by the alien property custodian of money and property transferred or seized by him during the war.

A 10-minute airplane flight, in which the machine reached an altitude of 2000 feet, was a feature of the 51th birthday anniversary celebration of Mr. Abbie D. Harris of Brattleboro, Vt., the pilot of the machine being her grandson, Fred H. Harris, who was in the aviation service during the world war.

CONGRESS QUILTS; BUDGET BILL DIES

Senate Fails to Act on Measure Amended to Meet President's Views.

BONUS. LEGISLATION FAILS.

Ship Sale Enactment Is Signed By Wilson—Pay Raise for Post Office Employees Also Approved—Closing Hours Unusually Tranquil.

Washington.—The Sixty-sixth Congress ended its second session adjourning sine die. Unless a grave emergency arises which makes necessary a special session, it will not meet again until December 6.

The close of the session was marked by none of the hectic rush that generally attends a get-away of Congress, but there was the usual applauding and cheering in the house chamber after Speaker Gillett's gavel had released the members for the first long vacation Congress has had since the United States entered the war.

The session of Congress began on December 1. Important legislation enacted during that time included:

The army reorganization bill, providing for a peace time army of 237,000 officers and men, a national guard and a reserve force.

The transportation act, designed to assist the railroads over the period immediately following their return to private control last March 1.

The oil leasing bill, by which thousands of acres of oil and mineral lands in the west and south were thrown open to development.

The merchant marine bill, providing for the ultimate sale of the vast government-owned merchant fleet.

The Sterling anti-sedition act and the Johnson bill providing for the deportation and exclusion of dangerous aliens.

The Edge bill, authorizing the formation of corporations to finance American export trade.

The civil service retirement bill.

The postal pay increase bill.

Important measures which failed of passage included:

The soldier bonus bill, which was passed by the house last Saturday night, but was not taken up by the senate.

The budget bill, which President Wilson vetoed and which the senate failed to pass after the house had amended it to meet the President's objection.

The bill to regulate and control the meat packing industry.

The cold storage bill.

The bill to abolish the housing corporation.

The annual river and harbors supply measure, which was left in conference.

Representative Green of Iowa, who introduced two bills at the request of the treasury deferring the income provisions, said that "unfortunately both bills failed to reach the senate." They were passed by the house, but did not get out of the Senate Finance Committee.

He says they will undoubtedly be passed when Congress meets again in the winter. One of the bills contained some new taxes for personal service corporations. Although other corporations following the Supreme Court decision got back their stock dividend taxes, the personal service corporations never contested this point. It would be logical, says Mr. Green, for them to do so. The new bill, however, would have instituted a constitutional tax for corporations of this character.

The other bill contained a number of administrative provisions. It also provided that profits arising from a gift might be taxed. This was designed to impose a tax, for instance, upon a block of stock given by a man to his wife. Under the existing law the recipient of the stock pays no tax upon it, whereas the person who first owned the gift had to pay this tax. There were also some provisions in this bill simplifying taxes upon United States bonds.

Congress finally passed the water power bill, which had been pending for twelve years, but it was killed automatically with the adjournment of Congress through failure of the President to sign it.

During the session passed Congress the bill sent to the President and he signed it without comment, carrying a vote of 229-113.



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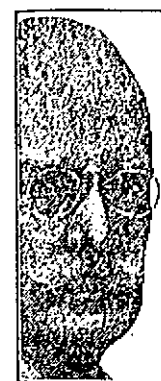
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CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

Condensation by Miss Sara Ware Bassett



James Lane Allen, who has lived much in New York City since 1886, had the good fortune to spend his boyhood in a country of surprising loveliness. He was born (Dec. 21, 1850) near Lexington, Ky., on the old Allen estate, where his father settled in the wilderness days. The cheer of the blue grass region seems to have woven itself into the nature of the boy, who was destined to paint so many exquisite word pictures of his native state.

Mr. Allen took his bachelor's and master's degrees in the old Transylvania university, founded by Kentucky pioneers. He was compelled, by the failure in his father's fortune, to begin to teach at once, in public and private schools. He later became professor of Latin and higher English at Bethany College. He never married. In 1886 he definitely forsook academic pursuits, went to New York City and devoted himself to writing. By 1918 he had published 17 books. "Flute and Violin," a collection of short stories, appeared in 1891. "The White Cow" has brought many pilgrims to its scene, the Abbey of Gethsemane, an exquisite bit of old France, near Louisville. In "Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath" (1925-6), Mr. Allen first really proved his power. Well known among his later books are "The Reign of Law," "The Mettle of the Pasture," and "The Bride of the Mistletoe." His novel "The Choir Invisible," written in 1897, is perhaps the most vibrant with the passion of beauty and pain of any of his books.

FEW writers of American fiction are better qualified to present the early history of Kentucky than is James Lane Allen, himself a native of the Blue Grass State.

He chose as his setting for "The Choir Invisible" that picturesque period during Washington's administration when the Mississippi was just being opened for navigation, and great hordes of pioneers were migrating through the Alleghany highway to settle the sparsely populated regions of the West and South.

Lexington, Kentucky, chancing to be directly in the path of one tributary of this current, received not only many of those who were abandoning the cities of the coast for the untamed territory of a newer land, but also others who, having tested out the Utopian western country and left there health, wealth, and dreams of success, were returning broken-hearted to the homes from which they had come.

Hence in Lexington one encountered persons of every class.

It was a heterogeneous populace, rich of courage and strong of fortitude, that amid clearing in forest and cut-brake laid the foundation of this far-off Southern city; a populace not to be daunted by discomfort, privation, or depressing toil.

The heroes and heroines who thus sacrificed their lives on the altar of civilization have, the author tells us, long since joined "the choir invisible of the immortal dead," but they have left behind them a heritage that has come down to us through the centuries.

The chief character of the story is John Gray, the master in the little log schoolhouse, and we have a charming glimpse of him: "A young fellow of powerful build, lean, muscular, wearing simply but with gentlemanly care a suit of black which was relieved around his wrists and neck by linen, brown-white and of the finest quality." He had a handsome head covered with thick red hair, we are told, and was a man of such integrity as to render him a worthy descendant "from one of Cromwell's unconquerable, hymn-singing army."

We therefore are not surprised to find him holding himself aloof from the follies of the time, and seeking out the comradeship of those to whom the fiercer and nobler things of life appeal. Yet he is very human—a creature of emotion, passion, and a multitude of fears. Moreover it is quite consistent with his character that he should fall in love with a woman whom he believes, Amy Falconer, who "was perhaps the first beautiful girl of aristocratic birth ever seen in Kentucky."

Holton; afterward, on discovering that there is a prospect of John's inheriting a fortune and becoming a person of importance, she shamelessly offers to rid herself of Joseph and rebustate John in her graces.

John Gray, however, is not to be so lightly dropped and picked up again. The episode proves to him that his idol has feet of clay, and with his faith in her shattered he bids her farewell.

Amy, in the meantime, has made her home with her aunt and uncle, Mayor and Mrs. Falconer. Mrs. Falconer stands out against a background of high-born Virginia ancestry—a background of jewels, brooches, fans, and satin slippers; of balls and minuets; of wide-reaching plantations and slaves. The Mayor has been one of those who has heroically fought in the Revolution, and to whom the Southern beauty out of patriotic gratitude has given her hand, bravely following him into the Kentucky wilderness. Unfortunately, although neither of the pair confess it, the marriage has been an unequal one. Both, however, are too noble minded to do otherwise than be true to the union that holds them together. Yet there is a scar of disappointment beneath the surface, and in the woman's heart a weariness and longing that nothing satisfies. During John Gray's visits to her uncle Mrs. Falconer has become deeply interested in the young schoolmaster, who is about her own age and whose tastes she shares. Between them a companionship has sprung up which each honestly mistakes for friendship.

Amy's attraction for the man has been an untutored impulse of the senses; but Jessica Falconer's power over him is one of deep spiritual inspiration.

When he awakens to the discovery that in reality it is Mrs. Falconer whom he loves his reverence for her, her purity, and her loyalty to her husband all blind him to silence. She also loves him but is in honor bound to give him no sign, and hence with their love unspoken he goes East ostensibly to recover the legacy he expects to inherit, but determined never to return.

The lawsuit for his property goes against him and he is cast into jail for debt, from which ignominiously the efforts of friends release him. He is a proud man and wishing to pay this debt of gratitude he proposes to marry the daughter of the family that has befriended him. Before the marriage, however, he tells his future bride quite frankly that he loves someone else who is not free, and it is with this knowledge that she accepts him. While the wedding is in preparation a letter comes to him from Mrs. Falconer announcing the death of her husband, and in the silent hope that his fiancée will give him his liberty he acquiesces with the change in his prospects. We gather from the text that the girl is unwilling to give him up, and as he is too honorable to demand his freedom he carries out his pledge.

All ignorant of this turn of events Mrs. Falconer in the meantime is so sure of his love that she erects in distant Kentucky a stately mansion modeled after the home of her early youth. She is still in the thirties and beautiful, and deluded into the belief that at last her dreams are to be fulfilled she makes ready for her marriage. A paper telling of John's union with someone else rudely destroys her paradise. Twice she has missed the prize of happiness. The intense joys of womanhood she is never to know. "I shall go softly all my days," she murmurs.

Time sweeps on but her beauty does not fade. She becomes the great lady of the Southern settlement and at her home Aaron Burr and many another famous American is entertained. More than one man lays his fortune at her feet and goes away disappointed.

There are women who never experience the heights and the depths of life. "Gazing deep into their eyes we are reminded of the light of dim churches—They are the women who have missed happiness and who know it; but having failed of affection give themselves to duty. It was into the company of these quieter pilgrims that she had passed."

One day long afterward when she is alone in her garden she sees coming toward her a magnificent young fellow at the brink of manhood.

He lifts his hat with courtly gesture. "I am John Gray, the son of your old friend, and my father sends me to you to stay if you will let me. And he desires me to deliver this letter."

"John Gray!" she cried. "You John Gray! You! Take off your hat!"

For a moment she looked at his forehead and his hair; her eyes became blinded with tears. She threw her arms around his neck with a sob and covered his face with kisses.

Alone in the solitude of her bedroom she reads the letter.

John tells her that he loves her, that he has always loved her; and that it is the fire of this love that through the years has kept his ideals aglow.

"Many a time this candle has gone out; but as quickly as I could snatch any torch—with your sacred name on my lips—it has been relighted."

"If," he adds, "I have kept unbroken faith with any of mine, thank you. And thank God!"

Thus ends the novel.

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As a Liniment.

"I got some alleged liquor, but I'm afraid to drink it."
"Going to throw it away?"
"Now, I'm gonna take a chance on using it to rub with."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

By Degrees.

Hub—My dear, isn't that dress a trifle extreme?
Wife—This dress, dear, is what I put this on myself. I've come accustomed to it. I made it.—Boston Herald.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

LES MISERABLES

By VICTOR HUGO

Condensation by Nathan Haskell Deh



Victor Marie Hugo was born at Besancon, France, on Feb. 26, 1802, so young a child that it was not believed he could live. He was the third son of a distinguished soldier under Napoleon. He came from sturdy but not noble stock, his ancestors on his father's side having been simple peasants.

He was well educated in France and in Spain, where his father held high rank under Napoleon's brother.

He was a precocious lad, writing long plays in verse and prose while hardly more than a child. Before his 21st year he had won several high prizes for his verse. But, thrown on his own resources by the death of his mother, he found it difficult to live by his pen. He moved into an attic, where he had his only experience of actual poverty. His writings, however, soon became popular and he was able to marry, at the age of 21, Adele Foucher, his playmate of childhood days. It was a happy marriage for 10 years. Then Hugo became infatuated with an actress to whom he was devoted 60 years.

From his youth until his death, on May 22, 1885, Hugo wrote rapidly—poems, plays and novels. No other man of his time had such an international reputation. Swinburne hailed him as "the greatest man born since the death of Shakespeare."

His most famous novel, "Les Misérables," was published in 1862, but he had been working on it for 16 years. Thirty years before had appeared his first great prose romance, "Notre Dame," and the third, "Tollers of the Sea," came out in 1876.

ABOUT the time of the French revolution, Jean Valjean, of La Bele, a day-laborer, earned a scanty living for his sister and her seven children. One time, when the family was starving, he stole a loaf of bread, was caught and condemned to the galleys for five years. Twice he attempted to escape and failed. He was a convict for 10 years. When he was discharged in 1816 he was wicked, silent, chaste, ignorant and ferocious; his affectionate nature had been poisoned against society. But he had taught himself how to read, and he had thought.

Refused shelter or food at tavern or private house, he came to Monsiegnur Myriel, Bishop of D—, in the foothills of the Alps. He was treated like a prince, but in the night he stole some of the bishop's silver plate, was caught as he made off and was brought back to the good bishop, who, with a smile, assured the gentleman that the articles were not stolen but given. Adding two silver candlesticks, the bishop said to him: "Take them and become an honest man. My brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I give it to God."

As he fled, he yielded to one last temptation to do wrong; he took from a hurdy-gurdy boy a two-franc piece, but almost immediately, filled with remorse, he tried in vain to find the boy. Two years later a stranger, dressed like a workman arrived at the little city of M— sur M—.

Just as he arrived a fire broke out in the Town Hall and he rescued two children belonging to the captain of the police. This saved him from having to show his passport. He made an invention and soon became prosperous. He built great workshops, endowed a hospital, founded schools, paid high wages and was made mayor.

Employed in his factory was Fantine, a girl who had been deserted in Paris by an unworthy lover. She had left her baby, Cosette, with a crafty and hideous pair named Thénardier. When it was learned that she had an illegitimate child, she was discharged without the knowledge of M. Madeleine, the benevolent manufacturer, and was reduced to such poverty that she could not pay the Thénardiens, who took Cosette's clothes for their own girls and wrote Fantine for more. The girl sold her beautiful blonde hair; then they informed her that Cosette was ill, which was a lie, and demanded 100 francs. To obtain this she sold her front teeth to a traveling dentist; then she went on the town, and when a disolute dandy, to annoy her, put snow down her back, she scratched his face and was arrested by Javert, inspector of police, a brutal and over-officious tyrant, who had been attached to the galleys when Jean Valjean was there and suspected the mayor of M— of being the former convict. The mayor freed Fantine. She supposed he was the cause of her misfortunes and spat in his face. He took the affront meekly and investigated her complaint. She was ill of consumption and he provided for her and promised to look out for her child.

About the same time the police arrested another man who three former convicts swore was the missing Jean Valjean. Jean Valjean's conscience would not allow an innocent person to be punished in his place. Surmounting extraordinary difficulties, he went to Arras, where the trial took place, and just as the judge was condemning the wrong man, he confessed he was the missing convict that had robbed the 14-shop and the hurdy-gurdy boy. The judge let him go; but Javert was implacable and accompanied him at Fantine's deathbed. He was let out in jail, but having enormous strength,

he broke out and returned to his house to secure his great fortune. He had time to hide his money in the haunted forest of Montfermeil, but was captured and sent to the galleys for life.

Nine months later at Toulon he broke his chain and saved the life of a sailor who was hanging head down from the topmast of a ship, but he himself either fell or jumped off from the spar and was reported drowned.

The battle of Waterloo had taken place and the Thénardiens, who had been guilty of robbing the dead on the fatal field, kept a wretched inn at Montfermeil. They treated Cosette, now eight years old, with great cruelty. Christmas, 1823, was the climax of her wretchedness; she was sent after dark to fetch water from a spring in the dreadful forest. A poorly dressed stranger, passing, carried her heavy bucket. At the tavern he protected her from her mistress' threatened punishment, and the next morning he paid Thénardier 1500 francs and took Cosette to Paris, where he occupied a tumble-down habitation just outside of the city; the gloomiest place in all the gloomy boulevard. By day only, at twilight lugubrious, and at night sinister. He thought himself secure there, but his benevolence made him conspicuous, and the old caretaker, being full of envy and uncharitableness, grew suspicious of her lodger.

One day he saw Javert. He took Cosette and again fled. But Javert was on his track. Only by unexampled subtleties and by his colossal strength did he escape by climbing over a high wall. He found himself in the garden of the convent of the Petit Piqueux, where worked Pere Fauchelevent, whose life M. Madeleine has saved when he was mayor of M—. The gardener, out of his gratitude, put him appointed his assistant by representing him to be his brother. Cosette was taken into the convent school. She grew up into a charming girl; beauty suddenly came to her like the blossoms to a cherry tree in April, and Jean Valjean, happy in loving her as his daughter, as his granddaughter, as the only woman he had ever loved, guarded her as a sacred treasure.

He had good reason to be wary, for the Thénardiens had come to Paris and joined a band of robbers; and Javert never forgot. He had several desperate encounters with them. On the one side outlaws; on the other unrelenting law personified. He took part in the abortive revolution of 1830 and saved Javert's life, at last winning the admiration of that implacable and fatally honorable man.

But there was one danger from which he could not protect Cosette: the most beautiful thing in the world, which nevertheless seemed to him his worst enemy—love.

Baron Marais, the son of a man whom Thénardier had robbed at Waterloo and incidentally saved from a terrible death, had been turned out of his house by his royalist grandfather and was earning a poor livelihood by literature. He saw her and they met. Their love went through more than the usual vicissitudes. During the insurrection Jean Valjean carried the youth through the mazes of the Paris sewers and brought him desperately wounded to his grandfather's house. The old man relented and consented to the marriage. Jean Valjean gave Cosette a dowry of about 600,000 francs. In order to have a conscience perfectly clear he told his life story to Marais, who, not understanding the grandeur of the spirit that had never done any thing but good, allowed him to go away with a broken heart. Thénardier, however, came to the baron to blackmail him and unconsciously revealed what a noble life Jean Valjean had led. Marais, taking Cosette, hastened to the old man's death-bed, and gave him one last taste from the cup of happiness. He died in their arms.

"Victor Hugo calls 'Les Misérables' 'a drama in which the hero is the infinite, the second character is Man.' It is in reality a melodrama in which are mingled scenes of history, a host of characters from the highest to the lowest, improbabilities which strain one's credulity, a vast amount of rare and curious information on all sorts of subjects, science, politics, and religion. Its treatment of social injustice had a powerful influence on public opinion, not only in France but in many countries. It has been an epoch-making book.

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Seen a Lost Art.

Among the lost arts of the world, it is to be feared that Indian basket making must soon be included. And it is a very great pity, too. It is a wonderful art, and one that has been created at vast pains and sacrifices.

The younger generation of California and desert Indians are not learning to make baskets. Like the younger generation of the white race, they are not fond of hard work. And who ever buys an Indian basket for a few dollars has seldom a realization of the work and the patience that has been expended upon it.

As a Favor.

Boreleigh—I expect to start for Europe to-morrow. Can I do anything for you?

Miss Blunt—Yes, you can take particular care not to miss the steamer.—Boston Transcript.

"What's the matter with this gentleman who is being placed in an ambulance?"

"He's a tired business man who was prostrated in the front row."

"How?"

"He was induced to attend what he supposed to be a conventional girl and music show, but it turned out to be a musical comedy with quite a complicated plot."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

No Kick.

"Some say we don't have the great actors we used to."

"Still there seems to be no general complaint so long as the supply of chorus girls remains up to the mark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

ROBINSON CRUSOE

By DANIEL DEFOE

Condensation by James B. Connolly



Daniel Defoe was born in London about 1660. After a life of varied and brilliant activity, he died, a homeless fugitive, in Roper-makers' Alley, Moorfields, on April 26, 1731. His father, a butcher, educated Daniel for the dissenting ministry, but the boy's unremitting energy led him to be a trader, a political intriguer, and an indefatigable journalist. He rose to great intimacy with King William III., and abruptly fell to pillory, and prison for his too perfect satire, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters." From Newgate he launched his remarkable Review, a Journal written entirely by himself. He advocated an income tax and higher education for women. He wrote 250 distinct pamphlets and books, but his masterpiece, "Robinson Crusoe," was not published until 1719, when the author was nearly 60 years old. This, the first great English novel, has in some respects never been surpassed. Its immediate popularity incited Defoe to write a sequel and many thrilling tales of pirates and adventures. His vivid story of the plagues appeared three years after "Robinson Crusoe."

"Defoe was perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived. Yet if we go deep into his rich and strangely mixed nature, we come upon stubborn foundations of conscience." Whatever the ultimate judgment of his honesty, "Robinson Crusoe" lives immortally to attest his genius in invention.

MY father designed me for the law, but I would be satisfied only with going to sea, and being one day at Hull and one of my companions about to go by sea to London in his father's ship, nothing would serve me but I must go with him—this on September 8, 1631, and I being then nineteen years of age.

The ship was no sooner out of port than the wind began to blow and the sea to rise in the most frightful manner, which made me most terribly sick in body and frightened in mind. In my agony I vowed that if God would spare me through this one voyage I would go, immediately I set foot on land, directly home to my good parents and be ever after guided in my conduct by their advice.

But next day the wind was abated and the sea calmer, and the sun went down to a perfectly fine evening, and when to that was added a bowl of punch made by a shipmate, I forgot my resolution to return home after the voyage; and such has been my habit, to my great misfortune, all my life: to disavow in the hour of peril the headstrong actions which have brought me to peril, and when the danger is past to forget all vows and plunge headlong once more on my heedless courses.

Various were my adventures after that first tempestuous voyage. Trading to Guinea in Africa I was captured by a Turkish rover and sold into slavery, from whence after many perils I escaped to the Brazils, where I set myself up for a sugar planter and was enjoying a fine prosperity there, when I fell a victim to temptation. Help being sent to the Brazils and some planters there knowing that I had traded with the slave coasts of Africa, they beheaded me into a voyage to those parts with the intent to secure slave labor for our plantations. Only evil does ever come of evil counsel. Our ship was wrecked on an unknown island off to the northeast coast of South America, and of all the ship's company I alone, by the blessing of God, was allowed to escape through the high surf to the shore. All I possessed at the time was a knife, a pipe and a little tobacco in a box. Walking along the shore, when I had recovered sufficiently in strength so to walk, I found fresh water, a great joy. Having drunk and put a little tobacco against the hunger in my mouth, I took up my lodging in a tree and did there sleep to my great refreshment throughout the night.

Next morning the weather was clear and the sea mild, but what pleased me most was the sight of the ship which, as the tide ebbed, lay so close to the shore that I found no trouble in swimming out to it. No living thing except a dog and two cats were left on the ship; but there was a store of necessities, and such I took, building a raft for the purpose of transporting them to an inlet in the island where was fresh water and a flat high place for my habitation. On the night of the thirteenth day, my work of transportation being done, I lay down in my usual fear of wild beasts, but also of thankfulness in the knowledge that I was prepared for some time to come against the barrenness of this island.

There were wild fruit trees on the island, but it was many days before I discovered them. There were also goats running wild, but without the firearms and ammunition I had brought from the ship of what avail were they to me? So I had reason to be thankful for the good Providence which led the ship to the shore until I had taken off all that was of use to me.

There was much to be done if I were to secure my existence on this strange island. The needful things I did as best I could in turn, but not always with good fortune attending my efforts. In my first planting of barley and corn seed, the half of all my precious stock was wasted by reason of being planted in the very wrong time. I spent weary months in making earth-ware pots for holding fresh water; and forty-two days it took me to hew my first long plank from a tree trunk. I strove for weeks to fashion a stone mortar to stamp grain in, only to come at last to a block of hollowed-out wood. Five months I labored in felling a great cedar tree, hewing and shaping it to the hull of a splendid boat with which I was to escape from the island, only to be forced to abandon it for want of a means whereby to launch it into the sea. However, every failure taught me something I had not known before.

For the elements, there were great winds and rains and earthquakes. But I became used in time to all things. I planted and harvested my crops of barley and corn; I plucked my wild grapes and dried them into nourishing raisins; I raised and killed and smoked, and salted my tame goats, being thus for variety of good not so badly served. And so through the twelve years during which I saw no sign of human existence on the island other than my own, until that eventful day on which I met with the print of a man's naked foot on the sand.

I was then like one thunderstruck. I listened, I looked, but I could hear nothing, see nothing. I went up the shore, down the shore; but there was only that single foot-print! Terrified to the last degree, I ran to my habitation like one pursued; and for three days and nights thereafter I did not stir out.

After observation I learned that it was the habit of cannibals from the main-land to come to a part of the island which I seldom visited to feast upon the bodies of their captured enemies. One morning from my lookout I perceived thirty savages dancing around a fire. They had cooked one victim and had two more ready for the fire, when I descended upon them with two loaded muskets and my great sword, and was in time to save one which they had not yet eaten. The saved man I called Friday, in honor of the day of his rescue, and his was the first voice I heard in all my 25 years on the island. He was young, intelligent, of a superior race of savages and became my trusted companion for all the time I remained on the island.

What Friday told me of the main-land, after I had taught him some English, decided me to leave my island. We built a boat, this time not too far from the sea for launching, and were almost ready to set sail when 21 savages in three canoes landed on the island with three prisoners for a feast. One of the prisoners was a white man, which enraged me. I double-charged two fowling pieces, four muskets, two pistols, and giving Friday a hatchet and also a great dram of rum and myself my great sword, we descended and killed all but four of the savages.

One of the prisoners was Friday's father. The white man was a Spaniard, a survivor from a ship of which I had seen the wrecked hull on my island some years before this, and from which I had taken some 1,200 pieces of gold, but of which I made small account because of its being of less value to me than so much sand of the beach.

The Spaniard and Friday's father I sent with firearms and food in my new boat to bring back the wrecked crew of the Spanish ship. While waiting for their return an English ship with a mutinous crew put into my island. I helped the captain recover his ship and took passage with him for England, leaving on the island the most mutinous members with two honest ones who wished also to remain. Later, my Spaniards returned and all settled together on the island, laying their dissensions at first, but settling down finally into a flourishing colony, which some years later it was my happiness to visit.

After twenty-eight years, two months and nineteen days I left my island. I anticipated much joy of my arrival in England, but I was like a stranger there. My mother and father were both dead, which was unfortunate, as I could have been of great service to them; for besides the 1,200 pieces of gold from the Spanish ship, there was 10,000 pounds sterling awaiting me from an honest friend, a Portuguese captain to whom I had entrusted my estate in the Brazils before setting forth on the ill-fated errand which drew me for twenty-eight years on my island. So pleased was I with his honesty that I settled 100 molasses a year on him and fifty molasses a year on his son, both for life.

I married and begot three children, and except for the one voyage to the old island, of which I have spoken, I roamed no more. So here I am, having lived a life of infinite variety for 29 years, blessed with more than I deserve and resolved to prepare now for the longest journey of all. If I have learned anything, it is a knowledge of the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace.

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One of the prisoners was Friday's father. The white man was a Spaniard, a survivor from a ship of which I had seen the wrecked hull on my island some years before this, and from which I had taken some 1,200 pieces of gold, but of which I made small account because of its being of less value to me than so much sand of the beach.

The Spaniard and Friday's father I sent with firearms and food in my new boat to bring back the wrecked crew of the Spanish ship. While waiting for their return an English ship with a mutinous crew put into my island. I helped the captain recover his ship and took passage with him for England, leaving on the island the most mutinous members with two honest ones who wished also to remain. Later, my Spaniards returned and all settled together on the island, laying their dissensions at first, but settling down finally into a flourishing colony, which some years later it was my happiness to visit.

After twenty-eight years, two months and nineteen days I left my island. I anticipated much joy of my arrival in England, but I was like a stranger there. My mother and father were both dead, which was unfortunate, as I could have been of great service to them; for besides the 1,200 pieces of gold from the Spanish ship, there was 10,000 pounds sterling awaiting me from an honest friend, a Portuguese captain to whom I had entrusted my estate in the Brazils before setting forth on the ill-fated errand which drew me for twenty-eight years on my island. So pleased was I with his honesty that I settled 100 molasses a year on him and fifty molasses a year on his son, both for life.

I married and begot three children, and except for the one voyage to the old island, of which I have spoken, I roamed no more. So here I am, having lived a life of infinite variety for 29 years, blessed with more than I deserve and resolved to prepare now for the longest journey of all. If I have learned anything, it is a knowledge of the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace.

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Childhood.

"How long did it take you to win her?"

"

KING ALFONSO'S FIRST SMOKE

Experience of Spanish Monarch Very Much Like That of Some American Small Boys.

King Alfonso has been telling the story of his first cigarette. The incident, it appears, occurred immediately after he had been formally enthroned as king of Spain when attaining his majority on his sixteenth birthday. Up to that time he had not been allowed to smoke, nor even then was the prohibition withdrawn. Nevertheless, he came to the conclusion that, as a ruling monarch, he might at least do as he liked in this respect. Accordingly he asked his brother-in-law, the prince of Asturias, for a cigarette. "I haven't got one," said the prince, faithful to family orders. Then the king applied to the officer of the guard, who said solemnly: "I regret that I do not smoke them, your majesty." At last the young king made his way to the sentry at the palace door, who amiably produced a plug of black tobacco from his trousers pocket and rolled a cigarette for his majesty, who smoked it proudly through the palace. "It made me violently sick later on," he said in telling the story; "but I enjoyed it at the time. I felt, as I puffed and puffed, that I was really and truly grown up at last."

Supplying Palestine With Water. From the average yearly rainfall of 20 inches enough water could be stored up in Palestine to support a population of 16,000,000, according to James Haines, secretary of the Zionist Society of Engineers, which is laying plans for a water supply system for the Holy land as part of the restoration work necessary to make the land ready to receive the hundreds of thousands of Jews from all over the world who will emigrate there as soon as the political status of the country is cleared up. Allowing for a 50 per cent loss through evaporation and running off, Mr. Haines has figured that the yearly rainfall over the 20,000 square miles of Palestine will provide a future population of 16,000,000 with a daily per capita supply of 2,055 gallons. The average daily consumption in New York at present is estimated at about 800 gallons per capita.

"Silly Old Fool." Of the stories told by Mr. Pett Ridge, the popular author, one of the best, perhaps, is of an incident which occurred outside a London railway station. "I wanted a taxicab," says Mr. Ridge. "A small boy ran to fetch one and came back with it, holding the handle of the door as a signal of temporary ownership. As the cab pulled up a bigger lad tried to obtain possession of the handle. "Out of it!" ordered the young boy, aggressively. "I was the one sent to get the taxi for the silly old fool!" he turned to me and touched his cap respectfully—"wasn't I, sir?"—London Tit-Bits.

Among Humorists. "Ever borrow an idea?" asked the young husband. "Among us professionals it is considered permissible to borrow back and forth," said the old timer. "However, I hope you'll avoid something a friend of mine once did, and has been sorry for ever since." "What was that?" "He stole a joke from a religious paper."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Our Epicurean Help. Kitchen Caller—The folks here live pretty high, don't they? Cook—Oh, yes. I've given them to understand they'd have to if they wanted to keep me.—Boston Transcript.

Tag Your Books. Many book lovers with large and precious libraries keep a small book with the name of each book lent, the date and the borrower. After a reasonable time, when the book has been lent, it is no discourtesy to write and remind the borrower that you miss your book friend and are waiting to welcome it home. Get a bookplate. That is the very best way to tag your books. And don't forget that the golden rule applies in books as in other phases of life, and return the ones you borrow yourself.

Champion Meanest Man. A peculiar case which recently came before a London magistrate was that of a woman who applied for a separation from her husband, whom she denounced as the champion mean man of all England. She complained that her husband during the sugar famine kept his supply in a separate bowl, in which he imprisoned a fly. If the fly was still there when he returned home nobody had tampered with his hoard: if it was not, a lump or two had been taken.

An Apt Illustration. The teacher was quoting wise saws to the class and getting their opinion about them. She said: "A discreet silence is better than the truth spoken without charity." Can any boy give a practical interpretation of that maxim? Somewhat to her consternation, a freckle-faced lad made this homely application: "If you see a cockroach on the table, don't say anything about it."—From the Outlook.

Sickening Discovery. The teacher had read a chapter from "The History of the American Revolution" and Raymond had then heard the word "breastworks" for the first time. Telling his mother the story when he got home, he said: "When the British got up in the morning and saw the Americans on the opposite side of the hill, they threw up their breakfasts."—Boston Transcript.

ITALIAN FORT IS BLOWN UP.

Fourteen Killed, 100 Injured, by Explosion of 80 Carloads of Ammunition. London.—Fourteen persons were killed, several others were injured and many buildings destroyed by the explosion of 80 carloads of explosives in a suburban station of Turin, according to a Rome dispatch. A dispatch to the Central News says that the explosion occurred in Fort Pampolu at Mont Ceals, northwest of Turin. Besides the 14 persons killed, 100 were injured.

SMITH ORDERS SARATOGA 'LID'

Governor Declares He Will Not Tolerate Open Gambling. Albany, N. Y. — Governor Smith served notice at the start of what is expected to be one of Saratoga Springs' biggest years, that the "lid" is to be clamped down tight in all gambling houses. In letters sent to the sheriff and district attorney of Saratoga county and the mayor of Saratoga the governor threatened to take control from their hands and police the city with state troops.

A huge boulder from the shore of Lake Champlain, erected by the state of Vermont by the site of the old Saxe homestead near the Canadian border, was dedicated as a memorial to John Godfrey Saxe, the poet-humorist. Gov. Ernest Clement, Lieut. Gov. Mason S. Stone and other state officials had a part in the ceremony.

Maj. Albert W. Buck, recently appointed full-time beach officer for the Oldtown, Orono, Milford, Bradley and Vesalia, Maine, District, has resigned to accept a position with the Rockefeller Foundation Association for work in France. Maj. Buck is a graduate of Bates College, 1912, and took postgraduate work at M. I. T.

Gov. Coolidge of Massachusetts vetoed the bill providing for state censorship of moving pictures, basing his objection on the formal opinion of J. Weston Allen, attorney-general, that the measure is essentially obnoxious to the federal constitution. The House in which the bill originated, sustained the veto by a vote of 202 to 14.

Jesse Pomeroy, famous life-time prisoner at the Charlestown State prison, has been elected president of the "Lifers' Club," an organization composed of 154 "life-timers" in penitentiaries in every part of the country. The society has been formed by Captain Thomas Anderson of New York, a Salvation Army prison parole officer.

An explosion of a brass pipe bomb occurred in the basement kitchen of the state armory Hartford, Conn. The first battalion, Connecticut State Guard, numbering 350 men, was maneuvering in the drill shed of the armory at the time and number of officers of the State Guard were in their offices on the second floor. No one was injured.

A bomb was exploded under a window in the home of John H. Goss, Waterbury, Conn., millionaire manufacturer and a leader in Americanization movements. The damage was slight. The bomb is believed to have been placed as a demonstration by sympathizers with the 20,000 hands of the mills here who have been on strike for weeks.

Never in the memory of the oldest citizen were fruit trees and berries so loaded down with good, healthy blossoms as this year. Even the great peach orchards on both sides of the Connecticut river south of Norwich are in splendid shape in spite of the late cold spells. There will be tons of strawberries marketed in eastern Connecticut this year.

At 1:30 o'clock Saturday morning Gov. Coolidge, by the secretary of state, Albert P. Langtry, prorogued the 141st regular session of the Massachusetts Legislature. The legislative work of the year included the passing of 523 acts and the adoption of 55 resolves. Of these the Governor vetoed two acts and one resolve and in each instance he was sustained.

Several avenues of escape from Charlestown state prison have been discovered by Warden Shattuck as a result of a complete investigation of the institution following the break by Herman L. Barney, Harry Manster and Charles Ward, and plans are under way to strengthen the prison and prevent a repetition of the events which allowed the dangerous trio to gain their liberty.

The keel of the world's biggest warship will be laid down in Quincy, Mass., within six months. The battleship Lexington, combining in a degree unequalled by any ship of war now built or building the qualities of powerful armament and high speed, has taken form in drawings and awaits the arrival of materials to be advanced from the hands of the architect to those of the builder.

Temporary removal of the fresh fish industry, recently inaugurated in Rockland, Me., by the East Coast Fisheries Company, to its plant in Cape Breton, N. S. as the result of a threatened strike by the Fish Handler's Union, is intimated by General Manager Walter J. Rich. As an earnest of the company's intention to resist the union's demands, it was stated that steam trawlers Heron and Curlew, each carrying about 300,000 pounds, had been ordered to Gloucester to discharge their fares.

An uninvited delegation will represent Vermont at the Democratic national convention in San Francisco. The delegates were selected without contest at the state convention in Rutland. The delegates-at-large are J. H. Johnson of Burlington, Henry C. Briston of Rutland, Fred C. Martin of Bennington and Dr. E. H. Bailey of Barre. District delegates elected were Howard E. Shaw of Stowe, L. W. Wadsworth of Windsor, John B. Flanagan of Proctor and H. C. Shurtliff of Montpelier.

YOU Can Vote NEXT NOVEMBER UNLESS YOU REGISTER BEFORE JUNE 30 REGISTER NOW R. I. ASSOCIATES M. F. ROWEN, ASSISTANT SECY.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., February 11, A. D. 1920. BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 1037 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the eleventh day of February, A. D. 1920, and returnable to said Court May 11th, A. D. 1920, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the third day of February, A. D. 1920, in favor of John T. Bito and Maurice F. McMahon, doing business as the F. P. Garretts Co., of said Newport, plaintiffs, and against William C. Anthony, alias John Doe, of Newport, in said County, defendant, I have this day at 10 minutes past 11 o'clock A. M., levied the said Execution on all the right and interest, which the said defendant, William C. Anthony, alias, had at the time of this levy in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Westerly 130 feet on Coggeshall avenue, Easterly 130 feet on land now of Van Allen and Baldwin, Northernly 120 feet on land of Van Allen, and Southernly on land of Crump, and containing 25.5 acres of land, more or less, and being the same premises known as lot 3 on Plat 37 on the Tax Assessors' plat of the City of Newport, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 15th day of May, A. D. 1920, at 12 o'clock, and for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff. 4-17-11 Newport, R. I., May 15, 1920. For good cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, JUNE 5, A. D. 1920, at the same time and place as above advertised.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., April 11th, A. D. 1920. BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 595 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the first day of March, A. D. 1920, and returnable to said Court June 1st, A. D. 1920, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the seventeenth day of February, A. D. 1920, in favor of Clarence L. Stewart, plaintiff, and against William C. Anthony, alias John Doe, of Newport, in said County, defendant, I have this day, at 10 minutes past 9 o'clock A. M., levied the said Execution on all the right and interest which the said defendant, William C. Anthony, alias, had on the 25th day of November, A. D. 1919, at 53 minutes past 12 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ) in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly by land now or formerly of Margaret L. Van Allen; Easterly by land now or formerly of Margaret L. Van Allen and lands now or formerly of Mary M. Baldwin; Southernly by lands now or formerly of Coggeshall avenue, and Westerly by Coggeshall avenue, be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 10th day of July, A. D. 1920, at 12:30 o'clock P. M., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff. 6-12-14w GUARDIAN'S NOTICE Newport, May 22nd, 1920. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of JAMES B. SANFORD, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

ALL persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

WILHELMINA MACSPARRAN, Executrix. The house and land of Miss Martha L. Tayer on Bull street was sold at public auction on Monday and was bought in by Jacob Aronson for \$5,550. There were several bidders.

THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND REPORT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, MAY 4, 1920

RESOURCES.		
Loans and Discounts	\$563,314.57	
Notes and bills rediscounted (other than bank acceptances sold)	2,610.00	560,774.57
Overdrafts, unsecured, \$121.03		421.03
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation	100,000.00	
U. S. Bonds pledged as collateral for State or other deposits or bills payable	100,000.00	
U. S. Bonds owned and unpledged	2,866.96	
Total U. S. Government securities		202,866.96
Bonds (other than U. S. bonds) pledged to secure U. S. deposits	65,000.00	
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned and unpledged	112,765.00	
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.		167,765.00
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock		300.00
Federal Reserve Bank stock		4,950.00
Value of banking house	22,615.00	
Equity in banking house		22,615.00
Furniture and fixtures		1.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		66,524.46
Cash in vault and not amounts due from national banks		69,915.44
Exchanges for clearing house		10,343.66
Checks on other banks		6,299.77
Total		\$6,658.57
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer		5,000.00
Interest earned but not collected		2,654.09
Other assets, if any		34.04
TOTAL		\$1,120,965.02
LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in		\$100,000.00
Surplus fund		\$60,000.00
Undivided Profits		45,030.26
Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid		14,525.06
Interest and discount collected or credited in advance, not earned		30,605.20
Circulating notes outstanding		1,626.83
Amount due to Federal Reserve Bank, including deferred credits		97,800.00
Net amounts due to banks, bankers, and trust companies		10,653.01
Certified checks outstanding		56,210.31
Total		3,998.19
Individual deposits subject to check		69,961.51
Certificates of deposit		605,920.79
Dividends unpaid		50,007.69
Total of demand deposits		49.00
Bills payable with Federal Reserve Bank		100,000.00
TOTAL		\$1,120,965.02
Liabilities for rediscounts with Federal Reserve Bank		2,610.00
Total contingent liabilities		2,610.00

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, COUNTY OF NEWPORT, ss: I, GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of May, 1920.

PACKER BRAMAN, Notary Public

CORRECT—Attest: W. H. LANGLEY, EDW. S. PECKHAM, EDWARD A. BROWN, Directors.

Mortgagee's Sale of Real Estate

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed given by Allen W. Littlefield to Addison W. Mitchell of New Shoreham, Rhode Island, dated the 15th day of October, 1909, and recorded in Book No. 3, page 287 of the Mortgage Records of New Shoreham, Rhode Island, there having been default and breach in the conditions contained in said mortgage and in the payment of principal and interest of the note thereon as described at the time and in the manner as the same became payable and breach having been made in the covenant of insurance contained in said mortgage and said default and breach having continued for the term of ten days, the undersigned will sell together, as a whole, on Tuesday the 8th day of July, 1920, at 1 o'clock P. M., on the premises hereinafter described, the following real estate described in said mortgage. One certain tract or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon situated in the northern part of the Town of New Shoreham and bounded and bounded as follows, to wit: "Northernly on land formerly of John C. Shattuck, deceased, Easterly on land of the Block Island Improvement Co., and partly on land of John Hayes Southernly on land of Lorenzo Littlefield and Westerly on land of Lorenzo Littlefield, Irvin P. Littlefield, Ira H. Littlefield and William H. Jones, or however otherwise the same may appear in be bounded and bounded as the walls and fences now stand, containing, by estimation, about twenty acres, be the same more or less, and was formerly the property of Samuel Littlefield, deceased."

AND the undersigned, the assignee and present holder of said mortgage, hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale or at any continuance or adjournment thereof.

LEON T. TADDETT, Assignee of said Mortgage. STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court Newport, R. I., June 12th, 1920. WHEREAS LOUISE H. STEWART of the town of Middletown in said County and State, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between the said Louise H. Stewart and Clarence L. Stewart, now in parts to the said Louise H. Stewart unknown on which said petition an order of notice has been entered; Notice is therefore hereby given of the said Clarence L. Stewart of the pendency of said petition and that he shall appear if he shall see fit, at the Superior Court to be held at the Court House in Newport within and for the County of Newport, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1920, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk. GUARDIAN'S NOTICE New Shoreham, R. I., May 15th, 1920. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the person and estate of MILDRED V. MOTT, REYNOLD G. MOTT and SAMUEL D. MOTT, minors, all of said New Shoreham, and has given bond according to law.

ALL persons having claims against said ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ANN L. LOTHROP, Executrix. Middletown, R. I., May 22, 1920-14w To NEW YORK FALL RIVER LINE Leave Long Wh. daily Eastern Standard Time 8:45 p. m. Baylight Saving Time 9:45 p. m. Ticket Office on the Wharf The New England Steamship Co.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY THE SUMMER ISSUE of the TELEPHONE DIRECTORY SOUTHERN SECTION Closes for Entries and Corrections of Alphabetical and Classified Listings Including Advertising Copy JUNE 10th, 1920

The most logical place to advertise your merchandise or service is in "The most used and useful book in the Community," which is consulted thousands of times each day by those who buy by telephone.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY 266 Thames Street Newport, R. I. SEND NO MONEY ON THIS "WONDER SHOE" "No Seams to Hurt or Rip" IT RESTS THE NERVES These Features Make This Shoe The Best Value On the Market

- 1-Has nerve resting shock absorber. No shocks to body or strain on feet.
- 2-Has strong, over-weight sole, which give the longest wear.
- 3-Has pliable, real foot comfort bottom.
- 4-Built on up-to-date, especially designed natural foot last, which means perfect fit and utmost ease.
- 5-Reduce wear on the heels of the soles.
- 6-Perfectly smooth on inside. No seams or nails to pinch or hurt.
- 7-Has waterproof insoles, which keep the feet dry.
- 8-The lowest priced comfortable built shoe for workmen or business men.

NEVER RESTING SHOCK ABSORBER 1-LEATHER INSOLE 2-WATERPROOF INSOLE 3-MIDDLE SOLE 4-EXTRA QUALITY SOLE 5-NO VAMP SEAM TO RIP OR TO HURT THE FOOT

Just pay the better price, and if you are not satisfied send it back and we will give you a refund. Have a reliable shoe from a reliable firm. Reference—Bradstreet or R. G. Davis.

USE THIS BLANK Clip This Blank—Fill Out and Mail

NEWPORT SHOE MARKET, 3 MARY STREET, NEWPORT, R. I. Gentlemen—Send me _____ Date No. 6 H. New Dayn Shoe Size _____ Name _____ Address _____ City and State _____